

BOOKS printed for Robert Gifford,
in Old-Bedlam, without Bishopsgate, London.

THE Royal Schoolmaster, or the Union Spelling-Book; Containing more perfect and exact Rules for Teaching Children to Spell, Read and Write, than any other yet extant.

A New Treatise of Practical Arithmetick, Done in a Plain and Easy Way for the Use of all, but especially for the meanest Capacity, to attain a full understanding of that most excellent and useful Science, with great Improvements. By *Humphry Johnson*.

The *Scotch* Rogue, in Two Parts, in the Life and Actions of *Donald Macdonald*, The Highland Scot.

Look e're you Leap: or, The History of Lives and Intrigues of Lewd Women:

The Amorous Gallant's Tongue tipt with Golden Expressions; or, The Art of Courtship refined.

These and all other Chapmen's Books, with Bibles, Testaments, and Common-Prayers, are to be Sold Wholesale or Retale at very easie Prices, by *Robert Gifford* in Old-Bedlam.



When Melancholy seizes on the Brain,
 And fills a Man with Sorrow, Grief and Pain,
 Then pleasant Tales do with new Life inspire,
 And make their Entertainments relish higher.
 For without Wit and Mirth, we daily see,
 The costliest Treat wont well accepted be.

ENGLAND's Witty
AND
Ingenious Jester:
OR THE
Merry CITIZEN
AND
Jocular Country-man's Delightful
COMPANION.

In Two Parts.

- I. A choice Collection of the Newest
and Wittiest Jestis, pleasant Relations,
and smart Repartees.
II. A Curious Collection of New
Songs upon the happy Entry and
Coronation of King George; Sung
at Court, and both Theatres.

*Read but these witty Jestis, and you will find
They'll relish well to an Ingenious Mind:
When with each Glass you may a Jest rehearse,
Or tell some pleasant Tale, or pretty Verse:
'Twill yield at once Delight and Profit too,
And that's as much as any one need do.*

By W. W. Gent. *W*

The Seventeenth Edition, with New Additions.

LONDON: Printed for Robert Gifford, in
Old-Becklam, without Bishopsgate. 1718.
Price Bound One Shilling.



ENGLAND's Witty
AND
Ingenious Jester.

Killegrew, the famous Jester to K. Charles II. having been at Paris about some Business, went from thence to *Versailles* to see the French King's Court; and being known there to several of the Courtiers, who had been at the English Court, one of them took occasion to tell the French King, That *Killegrew* was one of the wittiest Men in England: Upon which the French King desired to see him, which he did. But *Killegrew*, it seems, being out of Humour, or at least seeming to be so, spoke but very little; and that little he did speak, was so little to the purpose, that the French King told the Nobleman that had com-

mended him for such a Wit, that he look'd upon him as a very dull Fellow; but the Nobleman assur'd the King; that whatever he thought of him) yet *Killegrew* was a very witty and ingenious Man; whereupon the King was resolv'd to make a further Trial of him, and took him into a great long Gallery, where there was abundance of fine Pictures, and ask'd him what such and such Pictures were; and amongst the rest shew'd him the Picture of *Christ* upon the Cross, and ask'd *Killegrew*, if he knew what that was? But *Killegrew* made himself very ignorant, and answer'd, No. Why said the *French King*, I'll tell you: This is the Picture of our Saviour on the Cross, and that on the right Side is the Rope's, and that on the left is my own. Whereupon *Killegrew* reply'd, I humbly thank your Majesty for the Information you have given me; For tho' I have often heard that our Saviour was crucified between two Thieves, I never knew who they were before. Which sharp Repartee, so very

ry close upon the King, convinced him that Killgrew was a very ingenious and smart Man.

A young Man, an Apprentice, was saying to his Mistress; Madam, at our House we have nothing but Love, and where Love is, to be sure, there is that that's Good. Why John, says she, Why have we nothing but Love at our House? I'll tell you Madam, *Why, I know you love our Journey Man, and my Master loves our Maid; and Madam, I love our little Boy Robin.*

The late Earl of Rochester, who liv'd in the Reign of K. Charles II. who was so well known to be a Person of extraordinary Ingenuity, that no Man that has heard any thing of him will question it, and of which his Poems are a sufficient Evidence: This Earl happening one Day to wait upon the King, when there was in presence the Duke of York, the Duke of Monmouth, the Duke of Lauderdale, and Dr. Fraser; who, tho' the greatest Duncce in the whole College, had yet the Honour to be one of the King's Physicians. His Majesty being then

then in a merry Humour, upon the Earl's coming in, says to him *Rochester*, I am told you are very good at making Verses *Ex tempore*: Is it so? The Earl reply'd, If it please your Majesty, I have made Verses *Ex tempore* several times. Prithee let us have some of 'em now, said the King. On what Subject would your Majesty have 'em said the Earl? At which the King, looking a'out him, answer'd, On us that are here. I beg your Majesty's Pardon, reply'd *Rochester*, I dare not do it. Dare not do it, said the King! Why so? For fear I shou'd offend your Majesty, reply'd *Rochester*. No, no, you shan't offend me, said the King, say what you will, and therefore I command you to do it. Nay, if your Majesty commands it, says *Rochester*, you must be obey'd; and thereupon the Earl began thus:

Here's Monmouth the Witty,

And Lauderdale the Pretty;

And Frazier the learned Physician:

And above all the rest,

Here's the Duke for a Jest,

And the King for a great Politician.

O my

O my Conscience, says the King, he has satyriz'd upon us all! No wonder indeed that you begg'd my Pardon before-hand for you were resolv'd to stand in need of it.

At another time the King and some of his Lords were at *Crambo* (for at some times his Majesty wou'd put off the King, when he had a mind to be merry among the Noblemen, and then it was free to say any thing,) and the Word they were to Rhime to, was *Lisbon*, they were all at a stand, and none cou'd do't. At last, says the King, We want my Lord *Rochester* now; he'd do't presently, if he was but here. Says, one of the Lords, I saw him but a while ago, go into my Lord Chamberlain's. Upon which, one of the Gentlemen of the Privy-chamber, then in waiting, was sent to tell him, the King would speak with him presently. And the Gentleman finding my Lord there, he brought him along with him. When he came into the Presence, says the King, *Rochester*, we have been at *Crambo*, and none of us can make a Rhime to *Lisbon*. No,

said

said the Earl, that's strange! and't please yor Majesty. Why, can you do't, says the King? Yes, Sir, says the Earl, in a Stanza, if your Majesty will grant me your Pardon. You're thinking of some Mischief now, says the King; and then smiling upon my Lord Rochester, Well, (says he) I grant you my Pardon. Upon which, Rochester, (taking a Glass of Wine in his Hand) said,

*Here's a Health to Kate,
Our Sovereign's Adate,
Of the Royal House of Lisbon;
But the Devil take Hyde,
And the Bishop beside,
That made her Bone of his Bone.*

At which the King, biting his Lip, frown'd upon Rochester, and bid him be gone,

A Woman having the Head-ach, was advis'd by a Friend of her's, if she laid but a pair of Cuckold's Breeches under her Head but three Nights, it would certainly cure here; so the Woman went all about her Neighbourhood to borrow a Pair; some of her Neigh-

Neighbours was very much affronted at it, and others laugh'd at her ; so falling into a great Passion, Well, says she, I see the old Proverb is true, *They that go a Borrowing, go a Sorrowing ; but for the future, before I am a Fortnight older, I will have a Pair of my own, and then I need not be beholding to any of my Neighbours.*

A Company of Gossips, that were met to assist at a good Woman's Labour, after the Business was over, fell a chatting together over a Cup of good Liquor, which relish'd the better by their eating a Slice of Gammon of Bacon, and piece of a good Neat's Tongue ; and it being about the middle of the Night, the Subject of their Discourse was about the Walking of Spirits, which some affirm'd to have seen, others deny'd, or at least doubted of the Appearance of any. At last the Midwife (whose Judgment bore a great Sway with the rest of the Company) deliver'd her Opinion thus: For my part I have gone up and down all Hours in the Night, and yet thanks be prais'd, I never saw any thing worse
than

*than my self, tho' O' my Conscience I think
I saw the Devil once.*

A Gentleman riding into an Inn-yard, call'd for the Hostler, to set up his Horse; when he had so done, he calls for the Chamberlain to shew him a Room, and the same Person comes and shews him his Room; by and by he calls for the Tapster to bring him up a Tankard of Beer, up comes the same Person; and soon after he calls for the Drawer to bring up a Pint of Wine, up comes the same Person; in a little time after the Gentleman had a mind to see his Landlord, and drink a Glass with him; so calling for his Landlord, up comes the same Person; at which the Gentleman smiles, and said, are you my Landlord? Yes, Sir; why then Landlord here's to you; I thank you Sir; but Landlord, by the way, says the Gentleman, what, is it possible, that you are Landlord, Drawer, Tapster, Chamberlain and Hostler? Yes, Sir, said he, and there is nothing done in this House but I have a hand in it; that's almost impossible, and very strange: Sir, it's no stranger than true;

true; well, I cannot have the Faith to believe it, and so dismisses him: Says the Gentleman to himself when he was gone, *How true this is presently, and just about Bed time, he undresses himself and gets on the Table and sh—s, and blows the Candle out, throws the Candle and Candlestick on the Floor, calls up in haste for his Landlord, and tells him he was very ill, and desired him to light his Candle for him, for he could not Sleep till he had taken a Pipe; where is the Candle says the Landlord, you'll find it upon the Table says the Gentleman, so groping in the dark, run his Hand into the middle of that the Gentleman dropt there from his Posteriors: Dear Sir, says he, what have you been doing here, nothing: but you know I told you before-hand I had not the Faith to believe it, but now I see by Experience it is very true, *That there can be nothing done in this House but you will have a Hand in it.**

A Gentleman eating some Cheshire-Cheese, it being pretty full of Maggots, he takes up several upon a Knife's Point and eats them; now says he to
B
some

some of his Friends, I have destroy'd at once, more than ever Sampson did: An arch Wag being by, and hearing him say so; *Ah, Sir, and so you have, and with the same Weapon, with the Jaw-bone of an Ass.*

A young Woman in the City of *Bristol* being with Child, was had before Mr. Mayor to be Examin'd, who was the Father; being a pretty bold Jade, made this Answer,

*Under Water as I lay,
I was not drown'd, nor cast away;
If I to you the Truth must tell,
'Twas Water made my Belly swell.*

A Chaplain belonging to a Man of War, being a reading of Divine Service on board of his Ship that he belong'd to, at last came to the Collect for Peace: The Captain was very much affronted at it, but pass'd it over till Dinner time; so the Doctor had no sooner sat down to his Dinner, and said Grace, but the Captain fell into a Passion with him, and said in a very high manner (*Doctor,*) If you pray for Peace whilst you are a-board of my Ship,

Ship, I shall turn you a shore upon the first Land we make; for I will not have Peace pray'd for, but War; for when that's at an end, I do not know what will become of us.

A great and famous General falling ill, sent his Son upon an Expedition that he had a *Command* from his Prince to go upon; his Son goes as General in the room of his Father, and overcome all his Enemies by his great Valour and Conduct; so he comes home in Triumph to his Father, and told him, he had destroy'd all his Enemies; his Father made answer, and your best Friends too; for now by your doing what you have done, you have ended the War at once; but if it had been left to my Management, I would have made it last this twenty Years.

A young Maiden coming from *Cambridge* to *London* to seek for a Service along with old *Hobson* the Carrier, being upon the Road, he among other Questions, ask'd her Name, she made answer it was *Joan*; O dear, *Joan*, (says he) you'll never get a Place in *London* with such a course Name?

Why then, what shall my Name be Mr. *Hobson*? Your Name, says he, shall be *Precilla*, that's a fine Name; why then, says she, *Precilla* let it be: So when arriv'd at *London* she got a Place by the help of some of her Friends: She had not liv'd there long before the Bishops came to Confirm the young Persons in the Parish; so she goes among the rest to be Confirm'd by the Bishop; when it came to her turn to be examin'd, the Bishop ask'd her Name, *Precilla* Sir, said she, who gave you that Name, Mr. *Hobson the Carrier*, as I came from *Cambridge* when I came first to *London*.

A Lady that had a great Veneration for the Clergy, being then big with Child, resolv'd that if it prov'd a Boy, she would make a Parson of it. When the time of her Delivery came, and she was safely brought to Bed, the first Question she ask'd her Midwife was, *Whether it was a Parson or not?* But alas, to the Lady's great Disappointment, the Child prov'd of the worse sort; but the Midwife being willing to make the best of it, gave the
 Lady

Lady this Answer, No, Madam, it is not a Parson, but 'tis as well, for here's a Pulpit for a Parson to preach in. With which the Lying-in Lady was very well satisfy'd.

A grave old Gentleman being meditating one Morning in Grays-Inn-Walks, three or four hot headed and self conceited Gallants seeing him, one that thought himself the wisest, said to the other, Yonder walks such a Man in a profound Study, let us walk up to him, and you shall see how I'll abuse him. Some of them that were more modest were unwilling, because of his Age, which they thought was not to be exposed: But this Gallant goes up to him, and after a scornful Salutation, ask'd him what idle Fancy out of *Homer* he was ruminating on so early? I'll warrant, if you'd let a Body know, 'tis some magotty Conceit or other, said he. To which the old Gentleman answer'd, No, truly, I was Meditating on the 9th Verse of the 39th Psalm. What are the Words, says the Gallant? They are these, said the old Sophister.

*For all the Sins that I have done,
Lord quit me out of hand;
And make me not a Scorn to Fools,
That nothing understand.*

At which the hot-headed Spark went away, laugh'd at by his Companions.

Two Country-Fellows meeting, one ask'd the other, What News? He answer'd, he knew no other News, but that he saw a very great Wind last Friday. See a Wind, says the other? Yes, see it, reply'd he again. Prithce, what was it like, said he? Like, said the other; Why it was like to blow my House down.

King Charles II. having had a very fine Horse presented him by one of his Courtiers, he bid Tom Killegrew see how old he was. Whereupon Killegrew goes to the Horse, and turns up his Tail, and looks there. Says the King, What d'ye look there for? You can't tell his Age by his Tail. I hope, says Killegrew, Your Majesty wou'd not have me break an old Proverb, and look a Gift Horse in the Mouth.

The

The same Prince, King Charles II. was a very merciful Prince in his one Nature, and very ready to pardon Offenders, and extended his Clemency to a great many that were condemn'd. The condemn'd Roll being one Day brought to him by the Recorder of London, to know his Pleasure who shou'd suffer; several Courtiers being present, interceded some for one, and some for another, whom he cross'd out, till there was but one left; and then ask'd, who spoke for him? But none answering, *O' my Conscience*, says the King, *this is some poor Rogue, that has got no Money, and so hath no Friend to speak for him: Well, I'll stand his Friend my self?* and so struck him out.

An ignorant Country Fellow, who held his Farm by a conditional Lease, which he had broken, was told by his Landlord, (who had an Eye upon a better Tenant) that he must provide for himself, for his Lease was forfeit. Do you hear, *Joan*, says he to his Wife, my Landlord says we must be gone, the Lease is forfeit; but I'll go to Counsel and ask. Away he goes; the

the Counsel tells him 'twas true. Ay, says the Fellow, what must I do then? *Why your best way* (reply'd the Counsel) *is to chuse two Arbitrators and an Umpire, that they may bring it to a Conclusion.* Home he goes? Well, what News, cries Joan? News, quoth he, I've a Trick for my Landlord e'faith: But what of the Lease, says Joan? *The Lease, why the Lease is surfeit; but I must chuse two Fornicators and a Trumpeter.* Well and what then cries Joan? *What then, you Fool, why then they'll bring the Matter to a Confusion.*

A young Gentleman having a deaf Hostess, used to put many Jestts upon her; and one Day having invited divers of his Friends to Dinner, that he might make 'em merry, took a Glass of Wine, and made Signs to the good old Woman that he drank to her, saying, *Here Hostess, I will drink to you, and all our Friends, namely, the Bawds and Whores in Turnbal-street.* To whom she innocently said, I thank you, Sir, with all my Heart, I know you remember your Mother, your Aunts, and all those good Gentlewomen your Sisters.

A Country-man that lived near Sittinburn in Kent, had a very sickly Wife, which had reduc'd him to a very low Condition; and a Doctor of great Repute being come into those Parts, his Wife perswaded him (who was a very ignorant Man) to carry her Water to the new come Doctor, and see what his Judgment was: Accordingly the Poor Man goes one Morning with her Water, and being had into the Room where the Doctor was, Good Morrow to your Worship Mr. Confusion, says he; Physician, thou would'st say, says the Doctor. Truly, said the Country-man, I am no Scholard, but a Man very ingrum and unrude; but my Wife having piss'd in a Pot, I have brought it to your Doctorship, beseeching you to taste her Water. So the Dr. took the Water and put it into an Urinal, and having view'd it, he said, My Friend, I find thy Wife is very weak. I found that my self long ago, said the Country-man, for I have kept a Wench this Quarter of a Year to lead her up and down the House: I did not bring her Water to know that. Was you ever with a-
ny

ny Doctor before, said the Physician; Yes, indeed said he, with many a one, to my Cost. What did they tell you her Distemper was? said the Doctor; Truly they tell me, she's in a Presumption: Consumption thou shouldst say, said the Doctor. I told you before, said the Country-man, I didn't understand your Alligant Speeches, but I believe you'll speak true enough; for she has well nigh consum'd all that ever I had. Well, but does she keep her Bed, said the Doctor? No truly, Sir; for being hard put to't for Money, I was fain to sell her Bed a Fortnight ago: Is not she very Costive? said the Doctor. Costly, said the Country-man, your Worship's in the right on't, indeed; for she has cost me all that I have upon her already. Said the Doctor, You mistake me, I don't say, Costly, but Costive; I mean, is she loose or bound? Indeed, Sir she's bound to me during term of Life; and I am bound to her too, the more's my Sorrow. Ay, but prethee, said the Doctor, tell me plainly, How does she go to Stool? Why truly just as she goes to a Chair: I am fain to have one lead her. Pshaw, says the Doctor, I see thou dost

dost
be
Ho
Sir
back
hind
Is i
he,
eat
thin
I
best
Ind
say
Say
'tis
adv
med
get
for
Pea
mak
the
this
hang
your
you
I sh

doſt not apprehend me yet ; I muſt
be plain to make thee underſtand,
How does ſhe go to ſhit ? *As to that,*
Sir, the ſame that other Folks do, the
backward way ; ſhe has a free Paſſage be-
hind ſtill. But I mean, ſays the Doctor
Is it thick or thin ? O, as to that, ſays
he, In the Morning, 'tis ſo thick, you may
eat it with a Knife, and at Night 'tis ſo
thin your Worſhip may eat it with a ſpoon.

A confident Thief being arraign'd
before a Judge for Felony, after the
Indictment was read. Now, Sirrah,
ſays the Judge, what ſay you to this ?
Say to it, my Lord, ſaid the Thief, I ſay,
'tis a very dirty Buſineſs : and if I might
advise your Lordſhip, I'd wiſh you not to
meddle in't : For I'm ſure if you do, I ſhall
get no good by't, nor your Lordſhip neither,
for I ſhall go near to bind you over to the
Peace. For what ſaid the Judge ? For
making me ſtand in fear of my Life, ſaid
the Thief. Well, ſaid the Judge, all
this won't ſave you ; for if you ben't
hang'd, I'll be hang'd for you. I thank
your Lordſhip, ſaid the Thief, and I hope
you won't be out of the way ; for I'm ſure
I ſhall have-occaſion for you before a Fort-
night

night goes over my Head. Sirrah, reply'd the Judge, you're an impudent Rogue. *Not such a Rogue as your Lordship — takes me to be,* said he, I'll make you joyn your Words closer together, said the Judge, before I have done with you; and so order'd the Witness to be call'd.

A Beggar addressing himself to an old Usurer, used these Words, *Dear Sir, bestow your Charity.* To which the Usurer reply'd, I have it not *Ab!* quoth the Beggar, *The more shame for you to have so much Money and no Charity.*

The French King having in a vain glorious Boast caused the following Verses to be inscrib'd on a Marble Pillar at *Versailles*, to tell the Greatness of his Actions to future Ages, *viz.*

*Una des Lotheros, Burgundus Hebdomas una-
Una domat Battavos Luna: Quid annum agit?*

In English thus:

*Lerrain a Day, a Week Burgundy won,
Flanders a Month: What wou'd a Year have
done?*

Which

Which being seen by the Lord *Wilmot*,
the late ingenious Earl of *Rocheſter*, he
preſently writ underneath.

*Lorrain you ſtole, by Fraud you got Burgundy;
Flanders you bought, and gad you'll pay for't one
(Day,*

The ſaid ingenious Earl meeting one
Day with a very deform'd Perſon, and
one whoſe Conditions were as crooked
as his Body, was deſired by one of his
Acquaintance to write a Lompoon upon
him, ſaying, He was a very proper
Subject for it. To whom the Earl pre-
ſently reply'd;

*There needs no Calumny on him be thrown,
Nature has done the Buſ'neſs of Lampoon,
And in his Face his Character has ſhown,
As clear as when the Sun ſhines forth at Noon.*

In a certain Village in *Normandy* a
poor Country man had kill'd a Hog;
and it being the Cuſtom there for the
Neighbours on ſuch Occaſions to ſend
ſome Parts of it to one another; this
poor Man had receiv'd ſo many Obli-
gations in that kind, that if he had ſent
abroad all the Pieces of his Hog, he
could not have preſented half thoſe to
whom he was beholden. So he deſired

the Advice of a Friend what to do. His Friend advised him to hang his Hog so at his Chamber Window, that it might seem to be easily taken by Thieves, and the next Morning to give out that it was stol'n, which would certainly prevent their Expectation of any Present from him. The Man lik'd the Advice, and accordingly hung out his Hog, where it might be easily taken. He that gave him the Advice fail'd not to come in the Night and take it away. The next Morning missing his Hog, he cou'd not forbear Cursing the invention of his Neighbour, which he had approv'd the Night before. The first he met in the Morning was the same Neighbour, to whom he said presently, *Oh Neighbour my Hog is stollen. Good, says he, so you ought to say. Ah but, said t'other, I am in good earnest, 'tis really taken from me. Very well indeed, quoth his Neighbour, maintain it always thus, and all the World will believe you.* Then he began passionately to Swear and deny that he mock'd; but the more he Swore the other told him he acted his Part the better; and that was all he got for his Hog.

A
a J
end
H
Im
kee
it.
his
him
hun
good
reco
as
and
cei
A
by
him
the
gav
Eig
bei
ret
the
infl
swe
any
Scr
An

An old Beldham being carried before a Justice for keeping a Bawdy-House, endeavour'd to deny and excuse it. How Hufwife, says the Justice, have you the Impudence to deny it? I know you to keep a Bawdy-House, and I'll maintain it. At this the old Woman mistaking his meaning, took heart, and dropping him a Curt'sy, *I thank your Worship a hundred times*, said she, *I want such good Customers and Supporters as you to recover my lost Trade, or I shall be ruin'd as Times go.* At this the Justice blush'd and the People laugh'd; yet for the Conceits sake he remitted her Punishment.

A Verger at St. Paul's being tempted by a Gentleman with a Shilling, to place him in a Pew, let him into one; but the Gentleman having no less Money, gave him Half a Crown, demanding Eighteen Pence again; but the Verger being then hurried from Pew to Pew, return'd him nothing. After Sermon the Gentleman ask'd for it again: But instead of giving it him, the Verger answer'd, *I hope, Sir, you won't demand any of it again; for if you have read the Scriptures, you may remember, that the*
C 2 Money-

Money changers were whipt out the Temple ; and if our Reverend Dean shou'd hear I am a Money-changer, he would certainly turn me out of my Office, which would utterly undo both me and mine.

A Gentleman riding down a steep Hill, and being afraid the Foot of it was boggish, call'd out to a Clown that was Ditching, and ask'd him if it was hard at the Bottom ? To whom the Fellow reply, *Ay, ay, 'tis very hard at the Bottom, I'll warrant you :* Which encourag'd him to ride confidently down the Hill ; but within 6 or 7 yards stepping, his Horse sunk up to the Belly in a Bog, which made the Gentleman kick and whip, and curse and swear at the Fellow, who was still within hearing ; to whom he called, *You Country Rogue, did'nt you tell me 'twas hard at the Bottom ?* The Ditcher answer'd him, *So I did and so it is ; but you aren't at the Bottom yet by a great way.*

Some Ladies having a Petition to present to the Speaker of the House of Commons, waited at the Door for his going in. At last the Crowd grew so

great

gre
sing
fee
ba
Me
red
Ge
saic
Ha
Ma
Nig
Sir,
Nos
of
in
he
his
so
him
him
a B
ing
Tw
was
take
that

great, that there was hardly any passing by. Which one of the Messengers seeing, cry'd out aloud, *Ladies, pray fall back, and open to the right and left, that the Members may go in.*

A Vintner of London having a Fire-red Nose, and Lilly-white Hands, a Gentlewoman taking notice of them, said, Pray Sir, what do you do to your Hands to make them look so white? O Madam, said he, *I lay my Hands every Night between my Wife's Legs.* I pray Sir, said she, *let me advise you to lay your Nose there.*

A Gentleman having a delicate Row of Philbert-trees, took so much delight in 'em, that he desir'd his Wife when he dy'd, that she shou'd lay a Bag of his Nuts under his Head in his Coffin; so the Gentleman dying, his Wife put him on a fine Holland Shirt, and wrapt him in a fine Holland Sheet, and laid a Bag of Nuts under his Head, according to his Desire. In the Night at Twelve a Clock, the Clerk, after he was bury'd, goes to take him up, and take the fine Holland Shirt and Sheet that he was put in; but as he was about

bout it, there came a Taylor cross the Church-yard, and ask'd him what he did there at that time of the Night? The Clerk ask'd him, where he was going? So the Taylor says, If you'll tell me what you are going to do, I will tell you where I am going: But they were to swear Secrecy one to another. Well, says the Taylor, there it a Gentleman has six fat Weathers in his Pen, and I am going to steal one of them. Says the Clark, I am going to take up the Gentleman I buried to Day, and take off his Holland Shirt and Sheet, and Bag of Nuts, and I will wrap this old rotten Sheet about him. Well, says the Taylor, if you have done first, stay in the Church-Porch till I come; and if I have done first, I'll stay in the Church-porch till you come. So when the Clerk had made an end of what he was about, he wrapt the Winding sheet about him, went into the Church-porch, and there sat cracking of Nuts for the Taylor's coming; but in the mean time comes the Sexton to ring the Bell, and seeing the Clerk in the Church-porch, with the white Sheet about him, runs home

home very much affrighted, and told his Wife, That the Gentleman that was buried that night, with a Bag of Nuts under his head, was sitting in the white Sheet he was buried in, in the Church-porch a cracking the Nuts that lay under his head. His Wife laugh'd at him, and call'd him Fool : And a lame Man that lodg'd at his House told him, If he were able, he would go and ring the Bell ; for it was no such thing, and it would do him no harm, nor no Person else. Well, says the Sexton, if you have a mind to see him, I will carry you. Yes, says the lame Man, with all my heart ; for I fear no such Hobgoblin Stories. So the Sexton takes him on his Back, and carries him as a Butcher carries a Calf : So when the Sexton came near the Church-porch, the Clerk thinking the Taylor was a coming with his Weather on his Back, cry'd out, *Is he fat ? Is he fat ?* The Sexton throws down the lame Man into the Church-porch, *There he is, take him ; for I do not know whether he be fat or lean ;* running away as fast as he could, and the Cripple after him ; insomuch, they were both so
frighted,

frighted, that they would never go to the Church-porch to see the dead Man crack Nuts in his Winding-sheet.

Killegrew, the famous Jester to one of our late Kings, gets five small slips of Paper, and writes the Word *All* upon each Paper, and puts them under the Candlestick that stood nearest the Place where the King was to sit at Supper, leaving one end of one of the Papers out; so the King had not been at Supper long before he spies the Paper, removes the Candlestick, takes up the five Papers, and reads them, calls to *Killegrew*, How now, says he, what do you mean by these five *Alls*? Oh, an't please your Majesty, I humbly beg Pardon, and I will tell you: The first *All* is, the Country hath sent *All*, the City hath lent *All*, the Court hath spent *All*; so if we don't mend *All*, it will be the worse for *All*.

Two Soldiers at *Plimouth* being Comrades, the one was a very good Husband, and following of his Trade, had got a little Money by him; the other an idle extravagant Fellow. His Comrade falling sick, and being very weak, and not likely to live, This Rogue one Morning

Morning very early, for the sake of his Money, takes him upon his Back, and was a going to bury him ; but by chance his Captain, met them ; says the Captain, How now *Jack*, what is that you have got on your Back so early this Morning ? Why, my Comrade, Noble Captain. What are you a going to do with him ? Why, Captain, he is stone dead, and I am a going to bury him. With that the sick Man at his Back cries out as well as he could, *I am not dead, indeed, Noble Captain. O, says the Fellow, don't believe him, Captain, don't believe him ; for when he was alive, he was the hardenest lyingest Rogue in all the whole Company, and doubtless he is as bad now he is dead.*

A poor Man complaining to a Friend of his, in his Wife's Hearing, that she brought him nothing, *You lye like a Rogue, said she, I have been married to you ten Years, and brought you a Child every Year, without your Assistance.*

A Wit of the Town going home very late one Night, or early in the Morning, coming to one of the City Gates to go thro', he was call'd before the Constable,

stable, who ask'd him, where he was a going, he told the Constable, He could not tell. Then said the Constable, You shall go to the Compter. *Look you there now,* says the Gentleman, *did not I speak the Truth at first? For I did not know whether you would suffer me to go home, or send me to Prison;* for which merry Fancy they let him go about his Business.

A very merry Blade happening to fall sick, sent for a Doctor, an eminent Friend of his, who when he came, for some Reasons best known to himself, put his Hand into the Bed to feel his Patient's Feet, which he taking notice of, pull'd 'em up close to him. Said the Doctor, Where are your Feet? The sick Man made answer, Good Doctor, it is an old Proverb, *After Forty, either a Fool or a Physician;* and I think you are both; *where should my Feet be but at the End of my Legs?*

A Man was telling his Wife, It was her Fault that his Daughter play'd the Whore; for she should have lock'd her up. *Lock me no Locks,* said she, *the Devil take that Key that cannot undo that Lock.*

A Widow in the City of Bristol desired

fired a busy Neighbour of hers to help her to a Husband; Not, says she, *that I have any desire after the Flesh, but purely to look after my Estate.* So the Woman in a little time afterwards comes to the Widow, told her she had got a rare Husband for her, that was very handsome, rich and wise; but, said she, he wants one Thing, which you do not at all matter. *Truly,* says the Widow, *These are good Qualifications; but I had rather he should have that than all them, that if we should happen to fall out, it may make us Friends again.*

A Gentleman courting a Lady, she told him she would not have him, if he would not tye himself from taking Tobacco, for she did mortally hate it. To which he, to please her, agreed; so on the Wedding Night he lay as still as if he had been dead. With that she ask'd him the Reason of his being so; He told her, That she had obliged him from taking that which made him active in all Things, and did put Vigour and Life in him, and without it he was always like a Stock or Stone. With that, says she, *My Dear you shall have*

have some: So she called up the Maid to bring up some good Tobacco and Pipes; so when he had taken a Pipe, he turn'd to her, and kiss'd her. Then she called to the Maid again, *Pri-bee, Betty bring up two Dozen of Pipes;* which she did, so left 'em to their Repose.

A very impudent Fellow used to go so often to a Gentleman's House to Dinner, that they grew a weary of him, insomuch that the Gentleman seeing him a coming, bad his Servants put back his Dinner: So this Fellow staying there some time, he asked one of the Servants what time Dinner wou'd come up? *Truly Sir,* says the Servant, *not till you are gone, so it is but a Folly for you to stay here.*

An old Gentlewoman pretending to have a greater Kindness for her Husband than ordinary: To make her Husband believe it, she told him, If he died first, she would bury him in such a Winding-sheet, which was an extraordinary good one. Her Husband was a Man who took great delight in Fishing; he being willing to try the Kindness of his Wife, pretends to be sick and

and die, so the old Woman, supposing her Husband to be dead, gets one of her Neighbours to help her to lay him out. Says the old Woman, Neighbour, I must confess I promis'd the old Rogue to bury him in this Winding-sheet; but truly, Neighbour, says she, it is a great deal too good for him; it will serve my self better, I have a worse will serve his turn: But now I think on't, says she, he lov'd Fishing when he was alive, so I hope he does not hate it now he is dead; there is one of his old Fishing Nets lies in the Yard, I will wrap him up in that: Which when she had done, she invites her Neighbours to the Burying; and as she follow'd her Husband's Corps to the Grave, she cry'd and took on sadly, as kind loving Women us'd to do, saying very often, *Where is my poor dear Husband a going? Where is my poor dear Husband a going?* He hearing his Wife making that sad and pitiful Moan, cry'd out with a loud Voice, *A Fishing, you Whore, a Fishing, for you have put the old Net about me, but I must go home first, and fetch some Baits.*

An Exciseman seeing a Fellow a fishing, thought to banter him, and ask'd what he was fishing for? *Why*, says he, *I am fishing for the Devil.* What Bait have you got? *My Hook is baited with an Exciseman.*

A Gentleman that had been a great Traveller, sitting in a Coffee-house, was telling his Friend what he had seen in his Travels; amongst the rest of his Relations, he told him, That it was a Custom in *Italy*, that when any Gentleman had courted a Lady so far as to gain her Favour to be Marry'd to him, before the Nuptial Rites can be perform'd, he must be stript stark naked, and set upon a Bull, that is done all over with Pitch and Tar, Rosin and Beeswax: These Combustibles being set on fire, after the Bull is tied to the Stake, he must ride three times round the Bull's Ring, or else he must lose his Lady. An arch Wag hearing him, said, Sir, *I hope a Man need not be very cautious of rehearsing this Relation after you, provided you are along with me to justify the Truth on't.* Why, Sirrah, do you think it is a Lye? *Why, Faith*

Faith, Sir, to be plain with you, 'tis impossible for me to think any otherwise.

A Boy having committed a Fault, his Father went to correct him, but he run away, and his Father could not overtake him; he commanded him to stand still till he came up to him. I will not, says the Boy, you'll beat me. I will not beat you, says his Father. O, but you will beat me. I tell you I will not. *Swear, Father swear.* So to oblige his Son, the old Man swore. O Father, says the Boy, *they that will swear will lye, therefore I will not trust you.*

Some Gentlemen being a drinking, a Wench came up to wait upon 'em; she being not enough, in anger they knock'd for more. The Master of the House coming up, asked them what they call'd for? They said, Can we have no more Attendance but one Whore? Have you no more Whores in the House than this? Yes, yes, says he, *have a little Patience, and I will send you my own Wife presently, and two or three of my Daughters.*

One a galloping over some Plough'd Lands, meeting a Country Fellow,

ask'd him, If this was the Way to Tame? Yes, says he to tame your Horse, if he be as wild as the Devil.

A Country Maid riding to Market upon a dull Mare, a Gentleman overtaking of her, says, Fair Maid, let me Occupy thee a little. Pray Sir, says she, *what good will it do me?* Why, it will make you brisk and lively. Pray Sir, *be so kind as to Occupy my Mare a little, for she is very dull.*

A Welchman begging upon the Road, came to a Farm-house, where they fill'd his Belly with Whey, that it made his Guts to ake: Hur prays to St. Davy for Comfort; an Owl being at Roost in the Barn, as he held up his Head a praying, the Owl shit just in his Mouth. *O thank hur, good St. Davy, for her desired but a Drop, but hur has given hur a Mouthful.*

A Man sent his Bill in to a Friend of his for some Money; but the Person sent word by the Messenger, That he was not running away: But by and by he sent him again for the Money: Says he, Did you tell him, I said I was not running away? Yes, Sir, says

says he, I did ; and he bid me tell you again, *If you was not, he was, and would willingly have his Money with him.*

A Parson preaching to his Auditory, *That they must take up the Cross and follow him ;* which an arch Fellow hearing, went just before the Parson had done, and fetched his Wife upon his Back, and waited at the Church Door for the Parson's coming out, so when he came, the Fellow (with his Wife at his Back) follow'd him home: Well, Friend, says the Parson, What do you mean by all this? Why, Sir, says he, did you not bid me, when you was in the Pulpit, *Take up my Cross and follow you?* And I have done as you directed me. Ah! but says the Parson, this is not the Cross that I meant. Ah! but says the Fellow, *it is the only Cross that I have ; and I have been plagu'd with her long enough already, and I do not desire to be troubled with her any more.*

A Gentleman and his Servant riding through a great Water, the Gentleman's Horse happened to Stumble, and throw him ; so his Horse fell a

drinking, which made his Man laugh heartly, insomuch that his Master was angry with him, and ask'd him why he laugh'd at him? No, I beg your Pardon, Sir, says he, I don't laugh at you, I laugh to see your Horse cannot drink without a Toast this cold Morning.

A Farmer, after his Harvest was all in, as is the usual Custom, he invites all his Harvest People to drink, for whom he provided very nobly, as Beef, Mutton, Veal, Fowl, and among the rest Pease and Artichokes; so he bid them all welcome, and fall to and eat; so one Fellow above the rest, cut an Artichoke quite through the middle, and put a good Bit into his Mouth; and the Choak of the Artichoke being forgot to be taken off, it stuck so in his Throat, that he fell a kecking to get it up or down: One of the Servants seeing of him, told him, That should have been the last Dish eaten. Truly, says he, I doubt it will be the last that ever I shall eat as long as I live.

A mad swearing Fellow was had before a Justice of Peace for Swearing; so the Justice ask'd his Accusers, How many

many Oaths he had smore? They made answer, Two. Well, says the Fellow, what is it an Oath? Twelve Pence an Oath, and you must pay two Shillings. Well, and what is it a Curse? Why, Six Pence. Then says the Fellow, *A Pox take you all for a parcel of Rogues, there's half a Crown, I will never stand changing of Money.*

A Gentleman having a very rich Fancy in his Hat, several Ladies seeing of it, took a liking to it, and would have got it, if they could, without begging; so one of them said to him, Sir, you have a very fine Favour in your Hat; and so they said all; Pray Madam, says he to the first, and do you like it? Yes indeed, Sir, says she, very well. *Why, says he, if you had not lik'd it, I would a thrown it in the Fire immediately, but seeing you do, I promise you I like it so much the better, and am fully resolv'd to keep it for your sake.*

A mad sort of Spark, in a bitter, cold, frosty Night, went up and down the City, and could get no Lodging—Some Persons did not know him, and others, it's like, knew him too well; at
last

last he bethought himself of this Trick : He goes to the *Watch* at *Ludgate*, and abused, the Constable and all the *Watch*, calling them a Thousand Rogues, and all the hard Names he could think of, for which they had him to the Compter ; so the next Day he was brought before the Alderman of that *Ward*, who said to him, *Friend you look very much like a Gentleman, I wonder you should be so uncivil, to Abuse the Constable and Watch, to that degree as you did, and that without Cause. Truly, Sir, I will tell you the Truth; thus it was: I had gone all about the City to see for a Lodging, and could get none, till I came to these Civil Gentlemen, and I thank them for it; they had me to the Compter, where I had a good Fowl, good Drink, and a good Bed; for which Kindness, I do here freely and heartily give them a Crown; for if they had not taken that Care of me, I must have lain in the Streets all Night; and, it may be, have catch'd my Death, which I will assure you, was the only Cause, and nothing else;*
For

For which pretty Fancy, the Alderman order'd them to let him go about his Business.

Some Neighbours being merry together, that dwelt on one side of a Street, one of the Men said, They say, we are all Cuckolds but one, who lives on this side of the way. Hereupon his Wife seem'd to be in a brown Study: How now Wife, says he, why so sad? Nay, nay, Husband, I am not so sad, but truly I am breaking my Brains to think who it is of our side of the Way, that is not a Cuckold.

A very fat Gentleman riding thro' a Town, some of the ruder sort of the Town fell a jeering of him, and told him, that he carry'd his Portmantle before, when it should be behind, meaning his very fat Belly. O, says the Gentleman, I always carry it before me, but especially when I ride through a Town where there is none but Rogues, Whores and Pickpockets.

A Person telling his Friend, that he wonder'd he could stay so long in the Country from his Wife, and she so pretty a Woman as she was, might want
Due

Due Benevolence. That's nothing, says he, when I go home, I will give her the Principal with the Use. Sir, put the Case any Man owes you Thirty Pounds, would you not rather have it all together, than a Shilling at a time. It's true, said the other, one had better take all one's Money together; but by the way let me tell you, *It would vex you if your Wife should want a Shilling, and be forced to borrow it of her Neighbour.*

A Jocular Woman had invited a Friend of her's to Dinner, whom she had several times outwitted; having a Pig for Dinner, she ask'd him, if he lov'd Pig, and whether she should help him to some? *I thank you Mistress,* says he, *I love nothing that comes from a Sow.*

A Taylor carrying in a Bill to an Apothecary that was his Customer, the Apothecary was just going to eat a Mess of Broth for his Breakfast, as the Taylor came in: So the Apothecary told him, he had no Money at present for him, but if he would eat a Mess of Broth with him, he should be welcome; for which the Taylor thank'd him: So he

he calls the Maid to bring the Taylor a Mess. He eats them, and home he goes, and gets into his Cutting Room, and began to handle his Shears; but he had not been there past an Hour and a half, but he had more occasion to use his Bodkin than his Shears: So he calls up his Wife; and as the Pottage began to work with him, he fell to work with her; and having pleased her very well, as well as himself, with a Kiss sent her down about her Business till farther Orders: In half an Hour's time he calls her again, and so the third and fourth time; at last she ask'd him, How he came to be so vigorous and gamesome, because he did not use to be so? With that he up and told her, He ask'd the Apothecary for his Money, but he told me he had no Money, but he would give me a Mess of Pottage, which has wrought these wonderful Effects upon me. *Ob, good Husband,* says she, *it may be the Apothecary wants Money? I prithee, my Cock, if thou lovest thy own dear Wife, take all thy Money out in that Broth, for it is of a wonderful Operation.*

Some

Some Person's being at Dinner at a Neighbour's House at *Christmas* time, amongst other merry Discourse, the Woman of the House ask'd one at Table, How many Children he had? *Why, truly, Neighbour, my Wife bath Ten.* O fie, says she, these Men are always raising causeless Suspensions of us poor harmless Women, (and why cou'd you not have said you had Ten;) *Why Wife, says her Husband, he has spoken very wisely, I think; for if he had told you how many Children he has had, it might have been to his Shame; therefore he only tells how many his Wife has.*

A very pretty Gentlewoman was a complaining to a Friend of her's, that her Husband was the unkindest Man in the whole World. Is he so, said he? Then truly I would advise you to make him a Cuckold. *I can't, Sir, but you may if you please.*

Two Persons walking together to take the Air in the Fields, says the one to the other, Yonder is an Horse and an Ass; if you was obliged to be a Beast, which of these two would you be? Why a Horse, being a nobler Crea-

Creature. O, says the other, I would chuse rather to be an Ass; So the other ask'd his Reason for it? *Why*, says he, *I have often seen an Ass ride the greatest Horse, and chosen a Justice of Peace, and been Knighted; but I never knew any Horse capable of these Preferments.*

On a terrible windy Day a Doctor comes to Billingsgate, calls for a Boat to go to Greenwich; so when the Waterman came to the Doctor, the Doctor ask'd him if he could go safe by Water to Greenwich? Yes, Doctor, quoth the Waterman, you may go safe enough, I'll warrant you. You Rogue, says the Doctor, you Watermen are such unconscionable Rascals, so that if you can get but Six-pence, you don't care if you cast a Man away. Sir, *we Watermen are Persons of better Consciences than you Doctors are; for you'll not cast a Man away under Forty, Fifty, or Threescore Pounds.*

One meeting of his Godson, ask'd him, where he was a going? To School, Sir, says the Boy. That's well done, says he, here is Six pence for thee, be a good Boy; *And I hope*
E I shall

I shall live to hear thee preach my Funeral Sermon.

A Sea Captain being just come ashore, was invited by some Gentlemen to a Hunting-Match. After the Sport was over, he gave his Friends this particular Account of what Pastime he had: Our Horses being compleatly rigg'd, we Mann'd them, and the Wind being at W. S. W. twenty of us being in Company, away we set over the *Downs*: In the time of half a Watch we spied a Hare under a full Gale, we tack'd and stood after her; coming up close, she tack'd, and we tack'd, upon which Tack I had like to have run a Ground; but getting close, off I stood after her again; but, as the Devil would have it, just about to lay her aboard, bearing too much Wind, I and my Horse overset, and came Keel upward.

A Bishop going his Visitation, coming to a Town where they had newly built the Steeple, and had put their Bells to be new cast, ask'd one of the Town in a great Rage, Why the Bells did not ring? Have you no Bells in the

the
W
you
ca
my
thin
say
Pul
bar
I
wh
our
A
tim
ling
Bei
to
exp
tire
Exc
Wif
inte
Coo
wer
and
Wiv
real
Her
bas

the Steeple? No, says the Fellow. Why, says the Bishop, don't you sell your Steeple? Why so my Lord? Because you make no use of it. Truly, my Lord, we had better by half sell something that is in the Church. What's that, says the Bishop, Why, my Lord, it is the Pulpit; for I will assure your Lordship we have not had a Sermon preached in it since I was born, nor I believe, will ever be whilst I live; but I am sure we shall have our Bells very suddenly.

A Gentleman having been some time in the Country, his Occasions calling him home in haste, he rid Post: Being in Bed with his Wife, he began to excuse himself from doing that she expected, saying, that riding Post had tired him, and he must needs beg her Excuse. The next Day he takes his Wife by the Hand, and leads her out into his Garden, and there he sees a Cock, he took much delight in, as it were, droop and hang down his Head, and take no Notice of the Hens, his Wives. Says he to his Wife, what is the reason my Cock takes no notice of the Hens? I don't know, Husband, unless he has rid Post lately.

A Gentleman enquiring the Way to Coventry, a Bumpkin standing at his Door, ask'd him, From whence he came? What's that to you, says the Gentleman? Nay, you are in the right on't, it is nothing to me from whence you come, nor whether you going; so shut the Door upon the Gentleman, and would not direct him.

A Gentleman a little in Years was perswaded by a Friend of his to marry one that was a great Whore, because she had a great Quantity of Money, alledging she might turn. Turn, says the Gentleman, *she has been so much worn, that she is past turning.*

One ask'd an extravagant young Spark, why he would sell all his Land? He said, *Because he was taking his Journey towards Heaven, and he shall never come there till he had left the Earth.*

Oliver riding in his Coach on a very rainy Day, Hugh Peters was riding a Horse-back by him: Says Oliver, Peters, I'll lend you my Coat. Please you, Sir, says he, *I would not be in your Coat for a Thousand Pounds.*

Some Gentlemen seeing a Fellow stand

stand still, and it rained very fast, they ask'd him, why he stood still in the Rain? *Why*, says he, *you do not think I am such a Fool as to ride in the Rain as you do.*

Several young Gentlewomen coming to make their Confession to a Father Confessor, that they might be absolv'd by him, they spake all with a very low Voice, mumbling their Words thro' their Teeth, not opening their Mouths at all, that the Priest could hardly understand a Word they said; which put the Priest in such a Passion, that he told them, *When they were at the Tavern with their Gallants, they would open their Legs and Tails wide enough, altho' now they would not open their Mouths to confess it;* so sent them away without their Pardons.

Some great Persons being a Masquerading, a Gentleman walking a little more stradling than usual, a Lady took Notice of it, thinking to put a Joke upon him, said, *Sir, Take care you do not hurt your self by straddling so wide, I wonder what ails you?* To which he presently reply'd, *Truly, Madam, if you*
E 3 bad

bad that between your Legs that I have between mine, it would make you straddle a great deal wider.

One of our late Queens having a mind to ride a Journey in rainy Weather on Horseback, her Ladies of Honour could not perswade her from it; so they set Clod, her Jester, to laugh her out of so ill convenient a Journey. There happen'd at the same time to be a Bishop and a Doctor in the Queen's Presence: He perform'd it in this manner: Heaven, quoth he, Madam, begs of you not to go this Journey, because it is cold and wet; and Earth begs of you not to go because it is very dirty; but yet, Madam, if this Heavenly minded Man, the Bishop, nor I, that's Earth, Clod your Fool, can't prevail with you, here is one that is neither Heaven nor Earth, but hangs between both (the Doctor) let him prevail upon your Majesty: Which made the Queen and the rest of Courtiers, laugh heartily, whilst the Doctor withdrew himself and went home, and died with Conceit at the Jest that was put upon him.

One was a boasting, that there was
not

not one of his Name in all *England*; with that a Person made Answer, Sir, I am sorry there is not one honest Man of your Name.

A Person was saying, that Bishop *Ridley* was a very odd Man: *Ay, indeed, so he was to the Romish Party, for they could never find one to match him, either in Religion or Learning,* says another.

Upon the happy Return of King *Charles II.* one Parson *Bull*, who had loyally and learnedly maintain'd his Majesty's Rights, the King gave him a Grant for a very considerable Benefice; but before the Patent was Seal'd my Lord Chancellor *Hide* had disposed of it to anther Person: So the Parson, having spent all his Money, put his Hand into his Pocket, and finding nothing but the King's Grant, with his Hand to it, went boldly to his Majesty, and told him, he had lost all his Money out of his Pocket, and he found none but his Majesty's Hand in it. The King smil'd, and ask'd him if his Business was not done? He reply'd, No: Thereupon he was immediately recommended to Chancellor *Hide*, for the

the putting of him into Business. Says the Chancellor, knowing him to be a Wit, *What's your Name?* Bull, says the Parson. Where are your Horns, says my Lord? *Please your Lordship,* reply'd the Parson, *the Horns always go along with the Hide.*

King James, with some of his Nobles riding a Hunting, lost their Way in a Forest, where being very hungry, they came to a little House by the Forest side: The King ask'd the Woman what Victuals she had? The good Wife told him, Good Beef and Pudding. Bring it hither, says the King; so she set it before the King and his Nobles, and they eat very heartily, and paid the Woman for it, and so rid away. By the Road side, some distance from the House, a ragged Boy presents himself, scraping with his Leg bare-headed, which was all scald and thick Scabs upon it. Sirrah, says one of the Lords, cover your Head; have you never a Cap; Where do you live? *In yonder little House,* says the Boy, pointing to the House where the King and his Nobles had just dined; *I had a Cap on*
Yester-

Yesterday, but my Mother to Day made a Pudding-bag of it. Quoth the King, it did me no harm in the eating it, it shall do me as little in thinking of it, come put on, and let us jog it down: But it stirr'd the Stomachs of some of his Train.

Some Persons pleading their Cause before the Lord Chancellor, and shewing, as it were, the Boundaries and Limits of their Lands: The Counsel on one side said, we lie on this side, my Lord; and the Counsel on the other part said, we lie on this side? The Lord Chancellor arose and said, *If you lie on both Sides, pray which Side would you have me believe?*

A great Person happening to die very much in Debt, one cries, he hath 500 l. of mine with him, and 400 l. of mine with him. Oh, says another, and almost as much of mine with him; which one standing by hearing, said, *I see, although a Man cannot carry any thing of his own with him when he goes out of the World, he can carry a great deal of another Body's.*

A Country Fellow being at the Assizes,

sizes, and seeing the Prisoners hold up their Hands, told some of his Acquaintance, *That the Judges were very good Fortune-tellers, for if they did but look upon a Man's Hand, they can tell whether he shall live or die presently.*

Two Friends meeting, one being very glad to see the other, *Do you hear Sir, says he, between you and I, my Wife is with Child. Faith, says the other, you are a lying Rogue, for I have not seen your Wife this Twelvemonth.*

One was asking another what was the greatest Wonder in the World? *Why, says he, Women and Lawyers Tongues: for they always lye, yet never lie still.*

A brisk Spark meeting of a lively Lady, with her naked Breast appearing very tempting, says to her, *Madam, is that Flesh to be sold? No, reply'd she, no Money shall buy it. Then, Madam, says he, if you will not sell your Ware pray shut up your Shop. Faith, Sir, says she, I will be sure never to let you come within my Doors. No matter, reply'd he, whether I do or not, for they are very dark ones.*

A young Wench who had taken a Dram of the Bottle, went with her Water to the Doctor. He told her the Baker had been too busy with her, and left a Penny Loaf in her Belly. *No, Sir, you are greatly mistaken, for it was my Fathers Man.*

An English Man and his Wife who was with Child, lodged at a French Man's House, where they could not understand one another. It happen'd one Night, the English Man's Wife cry'd out, and wanted a Midwife, and he came down in his Shirt to his Landlord's Chamber to tell them of it: Says the Woman to her Husband, let the English Man come to Bed, you being in Bed with me need fear nothing. So he granted it, and he lay down on the other side of the Woman; and when the French Man was fast asleep, they got to it, and the jogging of the Bed waked her Husband. *What a plague are you doing? Why, what would you have me to do? If I should speak to him it would be to no end, for he does not understand a Word of our Language.*

A loose sort of a Fellow was had before

fore a Justice for calling a Woman Whore: The Justice ask'd him, why he called her so? He said, Because he knew her to be a Whore, and she was his Whore, for he had lain with her above forty times: O, an't please your Worship, he is a great Liar, and don't believe him, for he never lay with me above four times in his Life, like a Rogue as he is, and he promised to give me half a Crown a time, but he never gave me a Farthing. Why did you not *ask* him for it, said the Justice? Please your Whrship, I *ask'd* him for it above a hundred times: nay, I call'd him Rogue too, because he would not pay me. Why, says the Justice, do you believe he is a Rogue? Yes, an't please your Worship, he is a very Rogue. *Nay then*, says the Justice, 'tis pity a Rogue and a Whore should be parted; so sent them both to Bridewell to have the Lash for Company.

A young Woman, nineteen Weeks after she was married, was brought to Bed of a fine Boy: How now Wife, says her Husband, methinks this is something too early. No, Husband, you

you mistake, we only married a little too late. O did we so, says he, then if ever we marry again, we will marry sooner for this Trick. But, Husband, you are ignorant of Women going with Child, *for we go Twenty Weeks by Day, and Twenty by Night, and I came but a Fortnight too soon,* Well, says her Husband, *then I am content.*

A drunken Fellow being late out, his Wife sent her Man for him, whom he found was so far gone, that he was scarce able to stand; but as they were coming home, it being a clear Moonshiny Night, he saw the Shadow of the *White Hart* Sign post upon the Ground in *Bishopsgate Street*, which he took for a Log, and went to step over it; the Apprentice having him by the Arm, to keep him from falling, ask'd him why he did so? Why, says he, to step over the Log. He said, it was not a Log. What is it then, says the Master? Why, Sir, says the Boy, It is a Sign. What Sign is it? *Why Master, it is a Sign you are drunk.*

Two Scholars passing by a Windmill, stood for some time viewing it;

the Miller looking out of a little Window seeing them, asked them what they would have, and what they stared at? Why, says one of them, we are looking at this Thing; I pray what is it? Why, says the Miller don't you see, Where are your Eyes? It is a Windmill. *We crave your Mercy, Sir,* says the Scholars, *we took it for a Jail, seeing a Thief look out of the Window,*

A Gentlewoman being a Horseback, and having a Hole in her Dust-Gown, a Country fellow seeing it, says, Mistress, Mistress, you have got a Hole in your Arse. *I know that,* says she, *and you may come and put your Nose in it.*

A merry Fellow being in Bed with his Wife, let a rousing Fart; hearing his Wife, laugh, he said to her, In truth, Wife you have but small cause to be so merry, for if this Wind holds, we are like to have very foul Weather. He falling asleep, she raised her Arse to his Neck, and piss'd very plentifully upon him; so that it run down his Back to his Heels. He awaking says, What a Pox Wife are you doing? No harm, Husband, what I did was to prevent that
 terri-

terrible Storm you said might come ; for they say a little Rain will allay a great Wind.

A young Man newly married to a brisk Lads, being in Bed the first Night, he let a thundering Fart : His new Bed-fellow was very angry with him, and ask'd him why he was so nasty ? Alas, my Dear, says he, when a Fortrefs is besieging, the Cannons must roar in making a Breach. By my faith, Husband, you need not put your self to this Trouble, for the Breach was made long since by my Father's Journey-man.

A Gentleman was very urgent with his Maid to let him lie with her, but she denied him, with only saying, He would hurt her : He told her, No, not for all the World. She said, If he did, she would cry out. After he had jerk'd her Pissing-hole for her, Now, (says he) did I hurt you ? (Well) or did I cry out, says she ?

A Journey man Shoe-maker having a Kindness for his Mistress, his Master being out of Town, he importunes her to let him lie with her : But she said, No, altho' but faintly. When Nighs

came, he gets into his Mistress's Bed first before she came, and draws the Curtains close about him: She knowing nothing, undrest and gets into Bed, where being got, she felt something stir: Who is there, said she? 'Tis I, Mistress, says he. Peace, O you damn'd Rogue, you Devil, you Dog, how dare you offer such a thing? Sirrah, I will have you made an Example. Well, well, says he, I am sorry I have offended you, don't be angry with me, and I will be gone. Nay, says she, *you did not bear me bid you be gone; now you are here you may stay; but if ever you offer to do such another thing, I protest, as I am an honest Woman, I will tell your Master.*

A Shoe-maker thought to mock a Collier, seeing him all black, says What News from Hell, how fares the Devil? Says the Collier, *The Devil was just riding forth as I came hitber, and wants a Shoe-maker to pull on his Boots.*

A married Man having got a Wench with Child, was told by the Justice, that he thought such a Man as he would scorn to have defiled his Bed so. Truly, Sir, you are very much mistaken,
for

for there was no defiling the Bed in the Case,
for it was done in the Fields.

Hugh Peters once would preach in a Corporation; the Mayor sought to oppose him; but by the Intercession of some he was admitted; where, to be even with the Mayor in his Prayer, after he had made a long Intercession for *Oliver* and the rest of his Patrons, he proceeded to the Mayor, (who by his Trade was a Butcher) in these Words: Lord, thou hast likewise commanded us to pray for our Enemies, herein we beseech thee for the Right Worshipful the Mayor and his Brethren: Grant he may knock down Sin like an Ox, and quarter Iniquity like a fatted Calf, and that his Horn may be exalted above his Brethren.

A Boy once upon a time ask'd his Grand-mother for some Bread and Butter? She told him, she would give him none. Grand-mother, says he, here is the Cat, and you, and I, a Pox take one of us. What, says she, do you curse my Cat; No, says he, Do you curse me then? You may be sure I don't curse my self.

A Woman that had a very witty
F 3 young

young Maiden to her Daughter, sent her with six Pounds at *Michelmas*, a Year's Rent, to her Landlord; he being a *brisk* Batchelor, and devoting himself to *Venus's* Game, and seeing the Girl very handsome, took a great Liking to her, insomuch that he overperswaded her to let him lie with her, which he did, and got her with Child, which he maintain'd. A while afterwards, this Blade hearing of a brisk young Heiress, courted her to be married to him, to which she easily condescended. Upon the Day that they were to be married, the other he got with Child came to Church with her Child in her Arms; and when they were at the Church she would play with and dandle the Child, sometimes looking upon her Landlord, and sometimes upon the Child; which the young Woman he was going to be married to observing, told him plainly, She would not be married to him till he had given her Satisfaction, concerning that Woman and her Child. He seem'd to evade, and was loth to tell her, but she being urgent, he told her, If she would promise

pro
tell
the
Ch
Ar
is
tak
mon
Fat
I w
befo
ed
in
imr
A
swe
the
a c
was
for
exp
Lon
hav
hav
dy,
for
ry
plai

promise not to be angry, he would tell her, She said, She would not. Why then says he, thus it is, I got her with Child, and that is the Child in her Arms. O saith she, *is that all? That is a small matter indeed, not worth the taking Notice of? I had one a Twelve-month ago by a Londoner that lay at my Father's House. Say you so,* says he, *then I will have a Whore of my own making before one of another Body's; and so called the Woman to him with the Child in her Arms, and was married to her immediately.*

An ancient Gentleman being to swear in a Cause before the Judge, the Judge gave him a Caution to have a care what he swore to, and see it was nothing but the Truth; for if he forswore himself, he told him he must expect to go to the Devil. Truly, my Lord, said he, I hope the Devil will have nothing to do with me; for I have given him my eldest Son already, and I hope he'll be contented; for I think one out of a Family is very fair. Then the Judge bid him explain himself more clearly: *Why truly,*
my

my Lord, faith he, I have made my Son a Lawyer, and I believe all of that Profession go to the Devil, or he comes for them: For of the Devil himself you know it is said, that he has been a Lawyer from the Beginning. A Liar, you mean, says the Judge. Why, faith he, a Liar and a Lawyer is all one, I hope, or else we are all mistaken in our Opinions.

A great Gamester having play'd a very considerable Estate away at Bowls, at last sold what Pewter he had upon his Shelves, and about the House, and went to Bowls with the Money. His Wife missing her Pewter off her Shelf, and judging which way it was gone, or going, run out in a great Rage after her Husband to the Bowling-Green. When she came to the Pales, she look'd through to see whether he was there; and as she look'd through the Hole, he was just a bowling, and cried, *Rub, Rub, Rub, Rub*: She hearing and seeing of him at it, cries out in a great Passion, *O the Devil rub you for a great Rogue; for I am sure you have rubb'd all the Pewter off my Shelf this Morning.*

A

A
Nigh
wen
fefs
Wel
are n
Gow
Conf
had
time
his
and
Hus
So v
simp
conf
with
an ol
hom
As
be
Man
I be
conf
conf
with
Frya
but

A Man in Flanders dream'd one Night that he was a Cuckold, so he went to a Priest to desire him to confess his *Wife*, especially in that Point. Well, says the Priest to him, *because you are my loving Friend, I will lend you my Gown and Hood, and you shall take her Confession your self.* This very Priest had lain with this Man's *Wife* several times; so while he was waiting for his *Wife's* Coming, the Priest went and told her the Intrigue, and that her Husband was to take her Confession: So when she comes to him, after many simple Questions that he asked her, she confess'd to him, *That she had only lain with three Men, that was a young Man, an old Man, and a Fryar.* So he came home, as he thought, undiscover'd. As he was at Work he would often be crying, *The young Man, the old Man, and the Fryar.* Troth, Husband, I believe the Priest has told what I confess'd to him, for I did indeed confess so to him, for I did so; *I lay with a young Man, an old Man, and a Fryar; and yet, Husband, these three are but one: For I lay with you when you were*

a young Man, and now I lie with you now you are an old Man, and are not you the Fryar which I made my Confession to? Therefore all these three were only you, my dear Husband. Is it so, my honest and chaste Wife? Well, by my Faith, thou hast given me such great Satisfaction in point of thy *Honesty*, that I should be both Fool and Knave to question it any more.

A very extravagant Fellow being married to a witty young Woman, being a good *Houswife* and a Shrew, had but one Child about four Months old, which he loved extreamly well; she would as often tell him of it, and would tell him, that if he did not leave off his Drunkenness, she would fling the Child into the Pond, with which she often threatned him: He follow'd his old Custom of Drunkenness; One Night she hearing of it a little beforehand, when she thought he was upon coming home, sent the Maid with the Child to a Neighbour's House, and pins up a Cat in a Blanket, and put it into the Cradle. When he came home, she began to fill his Ears with Thunder and

and
you
befo
with
up t
Rag
and
Good
Wife
save
save
that
the
Pon
fetc
Fire
man
the
mad
him
So
some
goo
the
toge
A
than
Serv

and told him, I have often threatned you to throw the Child into the Pond, before it should live to be miserable with you; but now I will do it, takes up the Cat out of the Cradle in a great Rage, and hastily runs to the Pond, and throws it in. He runs after her, *Good dear Wife, save my Child, pray dear Wife save my Child.* You may go and save it your self, if you will have it saved, for I have thrown it in. With that, thinking the Child had been in the Pond in deed, he runs into the Pond up to his Neck and Shoulders to fetch it out, and brings it up to the Fire side, crying and raving like a Mad-man, *O my poor Child!* but unpining the Blanket, away run Puffs, which made his Wife laugh heartliy, and him a good *Husband* for the future. So she warm'd his Bed, gave him something that was comfortable and good, put him on a dry Shirt, sent for the Child home, and so went to Bed together very good Friends.

A Gentleman being more precise than ordinary, he happen'd to have a Servant that was a great Gamester at Cards,

Cards, infomuch that one of his Fellow Servants told his Master of it; so his Master took him to Task, and said, He was inform'd that he was a great Gamester at Cards. Says his Servant, Sir, I am so far from being a Card-player, that I do not know what a Pack of Cards mean. No, says his Master, pray search him; which they did, and found a Pack. What are these, says his Master? *Why, Sir, this is my Almanack, which I always carry about me.* Pray, says his Master, how can this be your Almanack? Why thus said his Man, *There are in these things you call Cards four Suits, which puts me in mind of the 4 Quarters of the Year; and there are as many Cards as there are Weeks in the Year; and as many Court-Cards as Months in the Year; and as many Spots as there are Days in the Year.* And is this all the Use you make of them, said his Master? No, says he, *I make more Use of them; for when I look upon the King, it puts me in mind of the Allegiance I owe my Sovereign Lord the King; looking upon the Queen, it puts me in mind of the Allegiance I owe to the Queen; the Ten*

puts

puts
men
of
Serv
Six
wor
of t
ly T
the
God
this
I c
you
quit
Sir
do y
says
mina
A
ing
befe
and
cry
Fath
way
wen
Why
ping

puts me in mind of the Ten Commandments; the 9 of the Nine Muses; the 8 of the Eight Altitudes; the 7 of the Seven Liberal Sciences; the 6 of the Six Days in the Week that we ought to work; the 5 of the Five Senses; the 4 of the Four Evangelists; the 3 of the Holy Trinity; the 2 of the two Sacraments; the Ace, that we ought to worship but one God. Nay then, says his Master, If this be all the Use you make of them, I can find no Cause to be angry with you. But, says his Master, you have quite forgot one Card. What is that, Sir? Why the Knave; and what Use do you make of him? Oh! that Sir, says he, when I see him, puts me in mind of your Worship's Informer.

An unlucky Rogue in Smithfield being a Crying for some Misfortune that befel him, an old Woman coming by, and seeing him, ask'd him what he cry'd for? Nothing, says he, but my Father is gone this Morning the same way to his End, that your Husband went. Which Way was that, Sirrah? Why, he has just now took Shipping at Newgate, sail'd up the River

G

Hol-

Holbourn, struck against the Rock at St. Giles's, and is cast away at Tyburn.

A young Gentleman making Love to a young Lady, her Father coming to hear of it, he was so averse to it, that he forewarn'd the Gentleman for ever coming to his House: Whereupon the Gentleman got the young Lady abroad, and as they were walking in the Fields together, says the Gentleman to the Lady, *Pray, Madam, do me one Favour? That I will,* says she, *what is it?* He thereupon pulls out a Knife out of his Pocket, and cuts a Hole in the Ground; *Now,* says he, *pray do me the Favour, as to p—in it;* which the pretty Heart did very plentifully. So when she had done, he with his Cane paid the Hole she p—d in very severely. Then they return'd home to her Father's, where being come, he told her Father in a very high mannner, *Now you may take your Daughter, and do what you please with her, for I will not have her if you would; for I have paid her p—ing Hole for her:* Which the old Man hearing, thinking he had made a Whore of his Daughter, begg'd of the Gen-

Gentleman to have her, promising him for his Encouragement, three or four hundred Pounds more with her than he desired for her:

A Gentleman coming by *Maidstone Gaol*, seeing an old Acquaintance of his there, said, How now, *Tom*, how camest thou there? *Faith*, saith he, a blind Man might have found the Way hither, for I was led between Two, and they would suffer me to go no other way.

A great Gamester one Saturday Night was at the *Temple* gaming with four or five Lords, who having very great Fortune, won all their Money they had about them. Some Beggars being below at the Door, hearing what Fortune such a one had, waited for his coming down: When he came, they begged Alms of him; he bad them come along with him. So he had 'em to a Cook's Shop without *Temple Bar*, and there he order'd the Cook to give them what they would eat and drink; and some being very naked, he gave them Money to buy Cloaths. When he had done, as he was going home, he met one of his old Acquaintance,

who asked him, Where he had been?
Why, Faith Tom, says he, I have been
fulfilling the Commandment, How! said
 the other. *Yes, I have,* said he, *for I*
have fed the Hungry, cloathed the Naked,
and the Rich I have sent empty away.

An old Woman being under a
 Hedge doing her necessary Occasions,
 there came two Men riding along:
 One of them seeing her, said to the
 other, I will lay you a Guinea the old
 Woman will look back when she has
 done. Done, said the other. So when
 the old Woman had done, she look'd
 back. Well, said the Gentleman, you
 have lost. I have said the other; but
 I will ask the old Woman why she
 look'd back? So riding up to the old
 Woman, said the Gentleman that had
 lost the Wager, So old Mother, I see
 you have been emptying your self.
Sir, said she, you see more with your
Eyes, than you can carry away with your
Mouth. But, said he, why did you
 look back? *Why, Sir, said she, seeing of*
you coming, I looked to see whether there
was enough for you both.

A Person coming to London out of
 the

the Country, riding along by Charing-Cross, his Horse stumbled, and threw him; which an arch Jade seeing, fell a laughing. The Gentleman being affronted said, *It is no wonder for my Horse to stumble when he sees a Whore.* Is it not, Sir, said she; why then, as a Friend, I would advise you to ride no further; for if you do, you may chance to break your Neck.

A very ingenious Man was walking along Cheapside, which a hectoring Blade meeting, thrust him from the Wall, saying, he did not use to give every saucy Jackanapes the Wall. Whereupon the Gentleman smartly reply'd, *But I do*; and so past on.

Two Blades of the Times seeing a brisk Girl pass by them; says one, *There goes the prettiest Gentlewoman I ever saw.* She hearing, looked, seeing him very ugly, said, Sir, I wish I could say so by you. Faith, says he, so you may, and tell a Lye as I did.

A young Blade of the Inner-Temple hearing his Father was dead, was very much troubled, being ignorant how his Father had left his Estate. An

old Acquaintance of his seeing him, said, *Be of good cheer, Tom, if your Father has left you a good Estate, you have no cause to be sorry; and if he has left you nothing, who would be sorry for the Death of such a Father?*

An old covetous Gentleman died, and left his Estate to a very extravagant Son: This Spark, as he was riding in his Coach to *Tunbridge*, he was angry with his Coachman for not driving faster, calling to him, said, *You Dog Rogue, if you do not make more haste, I will come out of my Coach, and kick you to the Devil. I swear, Sir, if you do, I will tell your Father, how profusely you spent his Estate.*

A good fresh colour'd Maid coming to *Bishop-Stafford* Market, and being pretty nimble, leap'd off her Horse, but the Pummel of the Saddle being of the highest, flung up her Petticoats, and shew'd almost all that Dame Nature had bestow'd upon her; which a Gentleman seeing, said, *Fair Maid, you have a very clear Skin of your own. Sir, said she, if you like it, why did you not come and kiss it, to take your*
Leave

Leave of it, for you will hardly ever see it again.

Two Gentlemen riding between Standshead and Bishop-Stafford, overtook a Miller riding very soberly, they being merrily disposed, were resolved to affront him; so one rides on one Side, the other on the other Side. After they had rode some way with him; So, said one to the Miller, I prithee Friend resolve me one Question, Whether thou art most Knave or Fool? Truly, says the Miller, I do not know which I am most, but I am sure I am betwixt both.

One of our late Kings was riding a Hunting, and coming to a Gate which he must go through, seeing a Country Clown at it, said, Prithee, Fellow, open the Gate: The Fellow knowing who he was, says, No, and please your Grace, I am not worthy of that Office, but I will run and tell Mr. Holt, who is a Justice of Peace two Miles off, and he shall come and open it for your Grace. So he run away, and left the King to open the Gate himself.

A Cause being to be tried before a Judge,

Judge, one of the Witnefs standing up for the Defendant, being a plain Country Fellow in a Leather Jacket, and the Counsel that was for the Plaintiff thought to dash the Witnefs out of Countenance, said to him, *How now you Fellow in a Leather-Douplet, what are you to have for Swearing? Please your Worship,* quoth the Fellow, *if you got no more by Lying, than I do by Swearing; you might go in a Leather-Douplet as well as I.*

A great Person in this Nation, that one Day had done something he repented of at Night, when he came home, went up Stairs, call'd up his Man Jack after him, and told him what he had done, and said, *Am not I a Fool to do as I did? Yes, truly, Sir,* says he, *and a very great Fool. You Rogue,* says his Master to him again, *tho' I call my self Fool, I do not allow you to call me so; and so kickt the Fellow down Stairs.*

A Person being summon'd to appear at the Sessions for a Witnefs, about a Fray that happen'd in Holbourn, being called to stand up to give in his Evidence, the Judge said to him, *Friend,*
how

how
out?
The
smile
there

A
ried,
she
Day
says
had
unla
gain
put
and
on a
Ah,
to E
in I
thou
with
say
my
rud
con
A
We
whi

how came these two Persons to fall out? He said, *My Lord, you are a Rogue,* The Judge perceiving the People to smile, bid him speak to the Jury, for there are Twelve of them.

A young Woman being newly married, told one of her sworn Sisters how she behaved her self on the Wedding-Day and Night to her Husband. Oh, says she, when I was to go to Bed, I had much ado to be ashamed, and I unlaced my self, and laced my self again; I pull'd off my Petticoats, and put them on again; and my Shoes and Stockings I pull'd off, and put 'em on again; but at last I pull'd off all. Ah, Gad, I thought it so strange to go to Bed with a Man; and when I was in Bed, I bethought my self how I should lie; I thought if I should lie with my Face towards him, he would say I was bold; if I should lie with my A— to him, he would say I was rude; so I even lay on my Back, let come what would.

A pretty ingenious Fellow hearing a Wench cry Kitchin-stuff, he ask'd her what it was? She told him, *That which comes*

comes from the Flesh. Well, says he, call with in a Day or two, and I will help you to some. In the mean time he gets a Pot full of Sir-reverence. The Woman, as was her manner, thrust her Hand into the Pot, pulling it out, smelt the Abuse, was very angry. Nay, says he, be not in such a Passion, for it is that which falls from the Flesh. Truly, says she, you are in the right on't, and your Flesh is very dry, (she clapp'd her Hand upon his Face) and it wants Greasing, and has need of Basting too; and being a lusty Whore, did baste him sufficiently.

A Scotch Minister being Chaplain to an English Regiment of Foot-Soldiers in Oliver's time, was once a preaching to them, and in the middle of his Sermon he took Occasion to say, Good Lord bless the grand Council above, and grant they may all hang together: Which a Country Fellow hearing, said, Yes, Sir, with all my heart, and the sooner the better; and I am sure it is the Prayer of all good People. O, but beloved, said the Parson, I do not mean as that wicked Man means, but I pray they may

may all hang together in Accord and Concord; Yes, says the Fellow, in any Cord, so it is but a strong Cord; and so slipp'd away.

A *Welchman* riding with a Charge of Money was set upon by a Thief, who bid him deliver his Money presently, or he would make that Pistol bounce thro' him. Says hur so; well, there is hur Master's Money, better lose that than hur own Life: But, Sir, since hur hath hur Money, let hur have a Pounce for hur Money. So the Thief, to please the *Welchman*, let off his Pistol. Gud splutter hur Nails, that was a rare Pounce indeed, good Sir, let hur have another Pounce: So the Thief let off the other, with which the *Welchman* seem'd to be better pleas'd than before, and ask'd him if he had no more Pounces? No, says he, I have no more: Then bur has one Pounce in store for bur, which bur will make Pounce thro' bur immediately if bur deliver not bur Money back presently. So the Thief was forced to give the *Welch Fox* his Money again.

Two Gentlemen riding on the Road,

see a Miller juſt before them; ſays one to the other, we'll ride up to the Miller, and banter him: I will ask him whether he can chop Logick. So he rides up to him; Miller ſays the Gentleman, can you chop Logick? No ſays the Miller. Why then I'll teach you; Your Horſe has Eight ſides. How can that be; ſo told him. O, ſays he, if that be Chopping of Logick, I'll Chop with you. Lets hear you, *Why*, Sir, ſays he, *your Saddle is a Mule*; that's impoſſible, ſays the Gentleman, *Pray Sir*, ſays he, *is not a Mule between a Horſe and an Aſs*? Yes, ſays the Gentleman, *why ſo is your Saddle*.

A Woman asking her Husband ſome Queſtions, amongſt the reſt ask'd him, How many Women he had kiſs'd ſince he had been her Husband? Why, truly Wife, to be plain with you, if we had as many Peny Loaves as I have kiſs'd Women ſince you have been my Wife, we ſhould have as much Bread as would laſt us this Seven Years. Very well, ſays his Wife. But now, Wife, ſaith he, ſince I have been ſo ingenious to tell you, pray be ſo kind as to tell me

me how many Men have kiss'd you since I have been your Husband? *Why Husband, in short then, if we had as many Cheeses as Men have kiss'd me since I have been your Wife, we should have two Cheeses to one Loaf.*

A Woman having not so much Love for her Husband as she ought, he happening to come home very drunk, sits down by the Fire, and falling asleep, tumbled just into it: The Maid seeing her Master lying cross the Fire, runs in great haste to her Mistress, crying out, *O Mistress, Mistress, my Master lies over the Fire.* You saucy Whore, says her Mistress, shall not your Master lie where he pleases for all you; Hussy, is not the House and all that is in it his, and shall not he make what Use he pleases of his own Things? Therefore pray let him alone, and don't disturb him; if I know you do, I will break your Neck down Stairs.

A Country Parson sent his Man Jack to look for his Hogs that were missing; his Man staying longer than ordinary, he went to see what was become of him, and looking for his

H

Man,

Man, met one of his Neighbour's Maids and asked her if she would go with him into such an Orchard? Yes, Sir, says she, if you please. Come then; so he leads her into an Orchard on the Back side of the Town, and sets her down under an Apple-Tree, and sits himself down by her; so the Parson began to be very amorous with the young Maiden, inso-much that she began to cry out, *O pray Sir, O dear Sir, what do you mean?* Nothing, says the Parson, *but only ring the first Peal*; which when they had done, the Parson begins to tell her some pleasant Relations of *Don Quixote*, and *Sancho Pancha* his Man, till the Parson's Courage began to move him the second time; with that she cries out as before, *O pray Sir, O dear Sir, what do you mean?* Nothing, Child, *but only ring the second Peal*; which when he had done, they fell to their old Discourse again, till at last the Parson began to be for the other Bout, the Maid was at her Tune, *O pray Sir, O dear Sir, what do you mean?* Sweet-heart, *only ring all in*. She lifted

up

up her Eyes, espy'd a Boy in the same Tree they were under, cries out, O Sir, there's a Boy has seen all: He look'd up, O Jack, how long have you been there? *Ever since you rung the first Peal.*

Two Neighbours meeting, the one looking melancholy, the other asked him why he was so sad? O said he, fetching a great Sigh, my Wife had a sore Mischance last Night. What Mischance? Why, says he, my poor Wife miscarried. O, is that all, said the other, my Wife had three Mischances the other Night, and I never troubled my self about it. How can that be, said the other? Why thus, *My Wife having occasion to do that nobody could do for her, it being a cold Night, she takes an Earthen Chamber pot into the Bed and sitting too hard on it broke the Chamber-pot, cut her Arse, and beshit the Bed.*

A Gentleman riding through part of Wales, seeing some Goats upon the Mountains, and meeting with a Welchman at the same time, thought to put a Trick upon him, ask'd him what Country-men they were? *Why truly but thinks them to be Welchmen by their*

Beards, but bur is sure they be Englishmen by their Horns.

A poor Boy coming a begging to an Inn upon the Road, the Maid seeing the Boy to shake with Cold, bid him come to the Fire and warm him: In the mean time, a Gentleman that was there, order'd the maid to set on some Eggs for his Supper, which the Boy taking notice of, ask'd the Maid for some Salt? Sirrah, what would you do with Salt? Why, says he, may be the Gentleman will give me an Egg when they are boil'd: For which Joke's sake, the Gentleman bid the Maid put in two or three Eggs for the Boy: So when the Boy was eating his Eggs, the Gentleman ask'd him what Country Lad he was? I am *Yorkshire*, Sir, says the Boy. Says the Gentleman, *Yorkshire* Men are very great Horse-stealers. The Boy all the while wanting some Drink to his Eggs, takes up a Tankard that was filled for the Gentleman, and says, *Sir my Father did use to make no more of stealing a Horse, then I do to drink up this Tankard of Beer*; which he did to the Gentleman's great Satisfaction. The

The late King *Charles* and the Duke of *Ormond*, discoursing of the prettiest Women of several Countries, says the King to the Duke, *You have very pretty Women in Ireland, but only they have great Legs. O that's nothing, please you my Liege, we lay them aside.*

A Miller having three Sons, was resolv'd they should be of his own Trade, because it was an honest one. Their Names were *John*, *Thomas* and *William*, so he settled each Son in a Mill. In a short time after he took his Rounds too see them; so coming to his eldest Son *John*, ask'd him what Trade he drove, and how he thriv'd? O Father says he, I had better been a Chimney-sweeper than a Miller, for I cannot live on't. Why, Son, how do you go on then? Why, Father, I take a Peck out of a Bushel, and it will not do. So he goes to his middlemost Son *Thomas*: So *Thomas*, how fares it with you? Your Brother *John* can hardly live of his Trade. Why, Father, I make a very pretty Business of it. Why, what Measures do you take, Son? Why, Father, I

am very honest and just to my Customers; I only rake two Pecks out of a Bushel, because Father, I must have the Pot boil a *Sundays*. Good Boy, I commend thee. So the old Man at last goes to his younyest Son; Son *William*, What, can't make it do Boy? Ay, Father, bravely. Why Son, what Measures do you take? Why Father, I am your own Son, I observe your old Rule, that is, *To do no Right, nor take no Wrong, keep all I can get, and part form nothing, for I keep all, and forswear the Sacks.*

A Gentleman going to a Cook's Shop calling for Six penny-worth of roast Beef; but the Cook being very busy with some other Customers, forgot the Gentleman; but at last seeing of the Gentleman have no Meat before him; ask'd him what he call'd for? He said, Now I have lost my Stomach, and my Belly is full with the Scent of it, therefore, Good buy to you. Pray stay and pay me for it; there's no reason but I should have Satisfaction. Why then, Friend, says the Gentleman to the Cook, we will be judged by

by
say
ver
can
the
Dis
give
did
the
pen
he v
says
low
pene
bear
Gent
A
brea
was
Groz
had
Cook
Drin
to f
Cool
Twe
Yes,
Cool

by the next Man that comes by ; Done, says the Cook. So it happen'd that a very foolish Fellow was the next that came, so in short they told this Fellow the Business. He calls for two Pewter-Dishes, and desires the Gentleman to give him Sixpence, so the Gentleman did ; he puts the Sixpence between the two Dishes, and rattles the Sixpence, and asks the Cook whether he was satisfied that he heard it ? Yes, says the Cook, I am. *Well says the Fellow to the Gentleman, There's your Sixpence ; so Mr. Cook, you are satisfied with bearing of the Money rattle, as well as the Gentleman was with the Scent of the Meat.*

A *Welchman* happened in a Fray to break a Man's Head, for which he was obliged to pay to the Man ten Groats, which was all the Money he had ; yet the *Welchman* went to a Cook's Shop, and called for Meat and Drink, and after he had done, calls to see what he had to pay ? The Cook told him Twenty Pence to pay ? Twenty Pence, says the *Welchman* ? Yes, says the Cook. Pray honest Cook tell hur, suppose a Man breaks
ano-

another's Head, what must hur give to make him Satisfaction? Why, says the Cook, Ten Groats. *Pray Sir*, says he, *do hur the favour as to break hur Head, for hur hath never a Penny of Money to pay the Reckoning with, and give hur Twenty Pence again.*

An Excise-man riding thro' some plough'd Lands, seeing a Man a Sowing, ask'd him what it was? It is Barley. O then, says the Excise-man, you are at work for me. No, that's your Mistake, I am at work for my self; but my Man is at work for you. Why, what is he doing? *Why truly he is sowing of Hempseed.*

Ben Johnson, one of our late Poets owing a Vintner some Money, refrain'd his House; the Vintner meeting him by chance, ask'd him for his Money; and also told him, *If* he would come to his House, and answer him four Questions, he would forgive him his Debt. *Ben Johnson* very gladly agreed, and went at the time appointed; so he calls for a Bottle of Claret, and drank to the Vintner, praising the Wine at a great rate. Says the Vint-

Vintner. This is not our Business ;
Mr. Johnson, answer my four Questions, or else you must pay me my Money, or go to Jail, that's in short, and he had got two Bailiffs waiting at the Door to arrest him. Pray, says Ben. propose your four Questions. Then says the Vintner you must tell me, 1st, *What best pleases God?* 2dly, *What best pleases the Devil?* 3dly, *What best please the World?* And Lastly, *What best pleases me?* Well, says Ben.

*God is pleas'd when Man forsakes his Sin;
The Devil's best pleas'd when Man continues
(therein :*

*The World's best pleas'd when you do draw good
(Wine;*

And you'll be pleas'd when I do pay for mine.

The Vintner was well pleas'd, and gave Mr. Johnson a Receipt in full for his Debt, and a Bottle of Claret into the Bargain.

A Soldier that lately came from Flanders, went to a Tobacconist to buy two Ounces of Tobacco. So, Sir, says he, do you take Spanish Three pences? Yes, Friend, says the Tobacconist, if they will go. Nay, says the Soldier, if it will not go, I'll change it. Very well

well, very well, says the Tobacco-nist. With that the Soldier put his Finger and Thumb into his Neck, and pulls out a thundering Louse, and lays it down upon the Counter: So the Tobacconist takes out his Spectacles to see what the Soldier had laid down; so while he was peeping on it, says the Soldier, *what won't it go? If it wont, I'll change it, and give you another.* Ay, says he, it will go very well, but pray let me have no more of your Spanish Three-pences.

Some Gentlemen boasting of their Gentility, one Person of the Company willing to be a Gentleman with the rest, was at a loss for a Coat of Arms. One of them, being a *Wag*, said, he would find him one, which was this, *Two Posts Rampant, one Couchant, a Rope Pendant, and a Rogue at the end on't.*

Two Gentlemen going to *Dunstable*, met a Company of Gipsies, and a little while after a couple of Parsons; Says one of the Gentlemen to the other, *By and By I will put a Jest upon the Parson: So when he came up to them,* says he to the Parsons, *Have a care that*
the

the Æ
lites.

know

you, f

Dunf

A

the R

what

Law

promi

Night

then,

chief

they

spoke

and

Master

Agree

your W

An

ter thi

d'ye

Th

Engla

Learn

Lord

heard

Erasm

the Egyptians do not overcome the Israelites. Sir, says one of the Parsons, I know not what you mean. I'll excuse you, says he, seeing you come so lately from Dunstable.

A Lawyer and his Man riding on the Road, his Man desired to know what was the chiefest Point of the Law? His Master said, If he would promise to pay for their Suppers that Night he'd tell him. Sir, I will. Why then, Good sufficient Witnesses are the chiefest Point in the Law. So when they came to the Inn, the Master bespoke a couple of Fowls for Supper; and when they had sup'd, says his Master, You must pay it according to Agreement. O Sir, says he, *Where's your Witness?*

An Apothecary said, that *All Bitter things are Hot*: says another, What d'ye think of bitter cold Weather.

The Great Erasmus coming into England, had heard of the Wit and Learning of Sir Thomas More, then Lord Chancellor; who likewise had heard that he was a facetious Man: Erasmus coming to Sir Thomas More's Door

Door, and having met with Sir Thomas, he desir'd him to walk in; to which having agreed, amongst other Discourse, they were in Debate concerning the Real Presence in the Sacrament; which when Erasmus would by no means believe, says Sir Thomas, *Crede quod edis, & edis, Believe that you eat it, and you do really eat it.* Some time after Erasmus being to go for Holland desir'd Sir Thomas More to lend him a Horse as far as Harwich; Sir Thomas lends him a Palfrey, and a Man to attend him: But at Harwich, Erasmus Ships off the Horse, and writ the following Lines to Sir Thomas Moore.

*Nonne meministi
Quod mihi dixisti
De Corpore Christi,
Crede quod edis, & edis?
Idem tibi Scribo
De tuo Palfrido
Crede quod habes & habes.*



Don't you remember what you said to me concerning the Body of Christ, *Believe that you eat it, and you eat it?*

So I say to you concerning your Horse, *Believe that you have it, and you have it.*

The

The Second Part.

A

Curious Collection OF THE Newest SONGS

SUNG
At Court, and both Theatres.

The Loyal Englishman : or, A Health
to all Honest Men.

To a pleasant New Tune.

EVERY Man take a Glass in his hand,
and drink a good health to our King ;
Many Years may he Rule o'er this Land,
may his Lawrels for ever fresh spring ;
Let wrangling, and jangling straitway cease,
Let e'ry man strive for his Countries peace,
Neither Tory or Whig,
With their Parties look big,
Here's a health to all honest men.

I

'Tis

'Tis not owning a whimsical Name,
 that makes a man honest and just ;
 Let him fight for his Countries Fame,
 and impartial at home, if in trust ;
 'Tis this that proves him an honest Soul,
 His health we'll drink in a flowing Bowl ;
 Then leave off all Debate,
 No Confusion create, &c.

When a Company's honestly met,
 with intent to be jolly and gay,
 Their dropping Souls for to whet,
 and drown the Fatigues of the day ;
 What madness it is thus to dispute,
 When neither side can his man confute,
 When you've said what you dare,
 You're but just as you were, &c.

Then agree you true *Britains* agree,
 and ne'er quarrel about a Nick-name ;
 Let your Enemies trembling see,
 that an *Englishman's* always the same ;
 For our King, our Church, our Laws and Right,
 Let's lay by all Frowds, and straight unite,
 Then who need care a Fig,
 Who's *Tory* or *Whig*, &c.

Now let *Britain* ever be blest
 with true Politick Subjects great store,
 That delight to have Trading encreas'd,
 and appeal all those Acts against Poor,
 That we may together once more rejoice,
 And sing new Healths with a general Voice,
 Let us seek the King's Peace,
 That our Joys may encrease.
 Here's a Health to all honest men.

The

CO

of
 Let th
 But th
 wh
 We h
 Let us
 Ev'ry
 On
 And
 With
 Then m
 Fill aw
 Cherr
 And
 Every
 Whilst
 Bids

What
 He pos
 the p
 For no
 Patriar
 Tho' w
 Our
 Made b
 Yet you
 Made b
 then

The Jovial Companions, &c.

To a New Tune.

Come aid me ye Muses,
 Whose Wit rich Juice infuses for uses
 of merry Mortals here below ;
 Let the French Wines be blasting,
 But the Groves be everlasting, unwasting,
 where fragrant Lemons grow ;
 We have been abus'd too long,
 Let us Crown them with a Song,
 Ev'ry Bumper that from the jolly Bowls do rise,
 On our Nectar we'll rely,
 And this purple Grape defy and defy,
 With his horrible confounded Price,
 Then merrily, merrily fill away boys,
 Fill away boys, fill away boys,
 Cherrily, cherrily pull away,
 And make blood in your Cheeks to flow ;
 Every brimmer will heighten our Jollity,
 Whilst the Liquor so rare in its quality,
 Bids defiance to all our Foes.

What dull harmless noddle
 He posselt, who made in partle the bottle,
 the primitive they used in vogue,
 For nobler the thinkers,
 Patriarchal midnight winkers were drinkers,
 Tho' with Doxies young and hot
 Our old lusty Father Lot
 Made his Head ake with squeezing the racy
 Yet your Grandfire, void of crime, (Bunch,
 Made before a Gift sublime of a Lime,
 then the very sort he used in Punch &c.

And since *they* lov'd drinking
 Who shou'd be free from thinking or shrink
 from Pleasures that are here below, (in
 Then *boys* let's be merry,
 And for ever *briskly, cheary and airy,*
 with Bumpers that do overflow;
 For it is the *merry Bowl*
 That will now exalt the Soul,
 And will help us with *merry Voices* for to sing
 if your Hearts were almost dead,
 When the Liquor's in the Head, we ne'er dread
 whether *Poverty* or *Riches* spring, &c.

Now I'll end *my Story,*
 In the praise of Liquors glory before ye,
 so *many merry* hearts does raise;
 Then let us be *jolly,*
 And no more be *melancholly,* 'tis *folly*
 for any Man to spend his days
 In a foolish sullen mood,
 That will never do him good,
 And will waste both his health and his *substance*
 But the honest *English Soul,* (likewise
 That will *freely* drink his Bowl, none controul
 nor let any of us him despise.
 Then *merrily merrily* fill away Boys,
 Fill away boys, *swill away* boys,
 Cherrily, cherrily pull away,
 And make blood in your Cheeks to flow,
 Every brimmer will heighten our Jollity,
 Whilst the Liquor so rare in its quality,
 did defiance to all our Foes.

L O
 S
 Make
 My mi
 Don't
 Think
 For w
 And f

Phillis
 O my
 I'll fl
 And I
 For w
 With
 No, n
 Aye,

Youn
 My J
 For if
 As yo
 Then
 And
 Yet d
 But I

Then
 For t
 And
 This

The Complaining Swain.

To a New Tune.

Look, look from the Window my Dear,
 See see *your* Lover in pomp appear;
 Make, make me *your* own while *you* may;
 My mind *may* alter another Day:
 Don't, don't be a Fool and refuse,
 Think, think what a Jewel *you* loose;
 For when 'tis too late *you* may curse *your* hard
 And so hang *your* self up in a Nuse. (Fate,

Phillis from her Window did 'peep,
 O my dear *Strephon*, says she, is't *you*;
 I'll slip on my Gown and down creep,
 And bid my dear Friends for ever adieu:
 For who will stay that's so confin'd,
 With Parent's that are so unkind;
 No, no, I'll be this Moment with thee,
 Aye, and that *you* shall presently find.

Young *Strephon* said to his sweet dear,
 My Jewel I fear *you'll* be betray'd;
 For if *they* should chance *you* to hear,
 As *you* come down my Love, I'm afraid:
 Then both of us will be undone;
 And Sorrow will be our doom;
 Yet dress *you* my Dear, for *you* need not to fear,
 But I'll take *you* safe out of *your* Room.

Then strait he contrived a way,
 For to fair *Phillis* his Love was true;
 And thus to his Charmer did say,
 This have I done for the sake of *you*:

Then on a soft Pillow of Down,
 From her Window down unto the ground,
 He helps his true Lover, that none might disco-
 What great Joys in these Lovers abound. (v)

Like Lightning she to my Arms flew,
 And then we had a transporting kiss;
 She said, My Relations adieu,
 This Frolick, I hope, you'll not take amiss:
 For who such a Jewel would loose,
 Or who such a Charmer refuse:
 Since 'tis not too late, for to love my kind fate,
 Now I'll ne'er hang my self in a Noose.

But when her Parents did her miss,
 O how they stood in a trembling fear,
 Young Stephen hath gained the Bliss,
 And we have lost our Darling dear;
 Her Father with mind fully bent,
 Away to Young Stephen he went;
 But when he came there, he was never the near,
 For in Wedlock they were joyn'd by consent.

The Mournful Damsel's Tragedy.

To an excellent New Tune.

'T WAS when the Seas were roaring,
 with hollow blasts of wind,
 A Damsel lay dep'oring
 all on a Rock reclin'd;
 Wide o'er the rowling Billows,
 she cast a wishful Look,
 Her Head was crown'd with Willows,
 That trembl'd o'er the Brook.

Twelve

Twelve Months were gone and over,
 and nine long tedious Days,
 Why did'st thou vent'rous Lover,
 Why didst thou cross the Seas?
 Cease, cease then cruel Ocean,
 and let my Lover rest,
 Ah! what's thy troubled motion,
 to that within my Breast?

The Merchant robb'd of pleasure,
 views Tempests in despair;
 But where's the loss of Treasure,
 to losing of my Dear?
 Should *you* some Coast be laid on,
 where Gold and Diamonds grow,
 You'd find a richer Maiden,
 but none that loves *you* so.

How can *they* say that Nature,
 has nothing made in vain;
 Why then beneath the Water
 do's hideous Rocks remain:
 No *Eyes* the Rocks discover,
 that lurk beneath the Deep,
 To wrack the wandering Lover,
 and leave the Maid to weep.

All melancholy lying
 thus wail'd she for her Dear,
 Repaid each blast with sighing,
 each Billow with a Tear;
 When o'er the white Waves stooping,
 his floating Corps she spy'd,
 Then like a Lilly drooping,
 she bow'd her Head and dy'd.

The Happy Lovers.

Tune of, *Let Burgundy flow*.**L**overs so gay,

Setting in a Grove,

Setting in a Grove,

In the cool of the Day,

All alone she sweetly did sing,

Young Cupid he stood.

Armed with his Bow,

Armed with his Bow,

To the Nymph of the Wood,

He a piercing Arrow did fling ;

Which so wounded the Fair,

That none could compare,

The Charms of a Lover,

Which time will discover,

The truth of this Pair,

In their Youthful Aire,

While the Birds in the Trees sung harmonious
(and rare.When *Antky* she see,

Love did so inflame,

Love did so inflame,

That she could not be free,

From the foolish Passion of Love ;

O come gentle Swain,

Hug me in thy Arms,

Hug me in thy Arms,

For Love's torturing pain,

I'm not able to remove,

Methinks in my Heart,

I feel Cupid's Dart,

Which

Which

And l

Aye n

Fast b

O wo

Young

Th

Th

And l

On th

Which

An

An

With

Whe

Lucr

Th

Sure

Like

This

She

But

The

S

S

Tha

Clas

So

F

F

The

For

Which kindles hot fire,
And longing desire,
Aye must I complain,
Fast bound in this Chain,
O would I could be in the Arms of my Swain.

Young *Anthy* came by,
Through the pleasant Grove,
Through the pleasant Grove,
And he fixed his Eye,
On this charming beautiful Nymph,
Which made her rejoice,

And she sweetly sung,
And she sweetly sung,
With a Ravishing Voice;
When of *Anthy* she had a glimpse:
Lucrece, said he,
Thou hast wounded me,
Sure there is no Creature.
Like charming *Lucrece*;
This eased her pain,
She did not complain,
But clasped her self in the Arms of her Swain.

Then *Anthy* did play,
Such a pleasant Tune,
Such a pleasant Tune,
That this Nymph fair and gay,
Clasped her self fast into his Arms,
So loving and free,
From the Groves they went,
From the Groves they went,
Then in private to be,
For to both in Love's pleasant Charmer,

102 *A Collection of New Songs.*

In the Bower so fair,
This sweet loving Pair,
Had tender Embraces,
And loving Caresses,
She hat did complain,
I eas'd of her Pain,
Being bless'd in the Arms of sweet *Aathy* her
(Swain.

She would and she would not:

To a New Tune.

AS I beneath a Myrtle Shade lay musing,
Sylvia the Fair, in mournful Sounds,
Venting her Grief the Air thus wounds:
O God of Love! cease to torment me,
Send to my Aid some gentle Swain,
Whose Balm apply'd *may ease my pain.*

Aloud she cry'd, and all the Grove resounded,
Heavenly Nymph, complain no more;
Love does thy wish for Peace restore;
And sends a Gentle Swain to ease thee,
In whom a longing Maid *may find*
A Balm to cure her Love-sick mind.

(from her,
She blush'd and sigh'd, and puff'd the Med'cine,
Which still the more increas'd her pain;
Finding at length the strove in vain,
O Love! she cry'd, I must *obey* thee:
Who can the raging Smart endure,
Then suck'd the Balm, and found the Cure.

The

The

A

When
shin
shin
Shinin

When
Warb
There
dov
dov
Dow

Pity
Pity
Pity
wh
wh
Who

For
And
But
Lo
Lo
Love

**The Weeping Maiden: or, the Happy
Lovers**

To a New Playhouse Tune.

A S I went forth one morning fair,
through the Groves to take the Air,
When bright *Phæbus* shot forth her beams,
shining most glorious,
shining most glorious,
Shining with her glorious streams.

When that the Birds most *pretty* and *young*,
Wasbling forth harmonious Songs,
There I espy'd a Damsel alone;

down by a Meadow,
down by a Meadow,
Down by a Meadow, making moan.

Pity me Lovers where ever you be,
Pity my plaint I make to thee,
Pity a Maiden in distress,
whose Love has left me,
whose Love has left me,
Whose Love has left me comfortless.

For I have lost my *only* Dear,
And for to seek him I know not where;
But yet for to seek him I will go,
Love, Love commands me,
Love, Love commands me,
Love, Love commands me so to do.

I have

I have travel'd every where,
 But no News from him can hear,
 So my Doree I'll bid you adieu,
 true love in vain,
 true love in vain,
 True love in vain I have paid to you.

O what a Fool is a Man to go,
 When that a Woman she says no, no,
 For she'll say no, when she thinks not so,
 when that she thinks not,
 when that she thinks not,
 When that she thinks not so to do.

But kind Cupid have some regard,
 Let not my Fate be quite so hard,
 That I once more my Love may see,
 and not be crown'd,
 and not be crown'd,
 And not be crown'd with the willow-tree.

But when *Clorinda*, that fair Saint,
 Had made an end of her Complaint,
 Appear'd Doree that Swain,
 who cur'd her sorrow,
 who cur'd her sorrow,
 Who cur'd her sorrow and grief again.

Taking *Clorinda* in his Arms,
 He did salute her with those Charms,

That

Tha
 an
 an
 And

Sirio
 Has
 Ther
 T
 Ther
 Shall

Y
 Take
 ob
 Let y
 you
 Now
 Now
 suc
 I wor
 for
 And
 wi
 And
 'tis
 and
 The

That doth attend true Lovers dear,
and did her Spirits,
and did her Spirits,
And did her Spirits quickly cheer,

Since that the heavenly powers above,
Has granted an aid unto our Love,
Then let us both united be,
Then shall we be crown'd,
Then shall we be crown'd,
Shall we be crown'd with Felicity.

The good New Year's Advice.

Tune of, Burgundy steen.

YOung Lasses so gay,
take my kind Advice,
Take my kind advice Girl,
observe what I say,
Let your Housewifery now be shown,
your Humors I please
Now with sweet delight,
Now with sweet delight Girls,
such cold Nights as these,
I wou'd have you not lie alone,
for sweet Christmas cheer,
And the merry New year,
will make all things springing,
And birds sweetly singing,
'tis Leap year we know,
and since it is so,
The pretty young Lasses a courting must go.

To court the young Man
 An't a common use,
 An't a common use Girls,
 you may now and then,
 Rather than to live single still,
 as for you that have
 Sweet-hearts free and kind,
 Sweet-hearts free and kind Girls,
 that daily do crave,
 To obtain your love and good will;
 do not scornful prove,
 But grant Love for Love,
 your Days well improving,
 In happily loving,
 but if 'tis not so,
 this Leap-year we know,
 The pretty young Lasses a courting must go.

What greater delight,
 Sure can be express'd,
 Sure can be express'd Girls,
 than for to unite,
 In the youthful pleasures of Love,
 clasp'd in their sweet Arms,
 O they'll hug you close,
 O they'll hug you close Girls,
 adoring your Charms,
 Calling you their Honey and Dove;
 What Tongue can express,
 That sweet happiness,
 that you'll be enjoying,
 When kissing and saying,

'tis *Leap-year* we know,
and since it is so,
The pretty young Lasses a Courting must go.

A sweet happy Year,
I do wish you all,
I do wish you all Girls,
with plentiful cheer,
Crown'd with Love, sweet Joy and Content,
then pray weep no more,
You'll have Sweethearts come,
You'll have Sweethearts come Girls,
your Charms to adore;
Don't be seen at all or lament,
I know of a truth,
There's Rachel and Ruth,
Sweet Betty and Molly,
Are all melancholy,
Young Beauties most clear,
of Husbands don't fear,
Make use of your time Girls, since it is *Leap-*
(Year).

Joy

*Joy after Sorrow, made to the Duke of
Ormond's Minuet.*

LET Burgundy flow,
 let the glass run o'er,
 Let the galls run o'er, boys,
 to cure all our woes,
 Let the galls run over the brim,
 tho' *Anna* is gone, think of it no more,
 Think of it no more boys,
 Great *George* now comes on,
 Toast away your Bumper, to him ;
 tho' the fewds were so big,
 'twixt Tory and Whig,
 That the Mischiefs pursuing, prov'd almost
 like a Prophet I know, (our Ruin,
 they will be no more so,
 We've a King will unite now both High Church
 (and Low,
 And now your hands in,
 Fill it up agen, fill it up again there,
 to all these brave Men,
 Who their hate to *Lorrain* bear strong ;
 who frantick Pride,
 Boldly durst defend, lately the Pretender,
 and if I'm not wide,
 Will be sure to pay for't e'er long,
 nor a less glass let's have,
 to the *Cattalans* brave,
 Who hold out with glory, not equal'd in Story,
 for not *Cesar* in *Gaul*,
 nor the great *Hannibal*,
 Ever equal'd their chief, with a number so small.

So now let us sing
With a glass in hand,
with a glass in hand now
Like birds in the Spring,
Let your noble voices rebound,
Since all fears are past quite
all o'er the land
Quite all o'er the land too,
and joy come at last,
Never let your spirits be cast down:
Tho' the factions was great
that *disturbed the state*,
Yet now we're at quiet, there's none can deny it
As we united be,
let's for ever agree,
And with bumpers drink, healths unto our King's
(Majesty.

Now before we part,
Let us drink to all,
let us drink to all those
That are true in heart,
And have stood up for our Nation's right,
Those Hero-like Men,
let them never fall,
Let them never fall, boys,
but stand up again,
With courage and might
But as for our foes,
who did daily impose,
And the rest that were suing, to seek for our
Let ill fate all surround *(ruine,*
and the works them confound,
That shall strive to bring K. G. or Prince to the
(ground,

The Tombs in Westminster-Abbey.

A S O N G.

Here lies *Robert de Valens*,
 the right good Earl of *Pembroke*;
 This is his Monument which you see,
 I'll swear't upon a Book:
 Here my Lord *Burleigh* lies,
 the Earl of *Shrewsbury*;
 And by him lies his Countess Fair,
 whom he did Occupy.
 Here lies good Queen *Elizabeth*,
 whom the *Spaniards* did infest her;
 But now her Mouth is stop't with Dirt,
 She doth well agree with her Sister:
 Here lies *Mary* Queen of *Scots*,
 by more than her Husband beed,
 She was the Mother of King *James*,
 and at *Fotheringay* beheaded.
 Here lies two Children of King *James*,
 of whom Death's very chary,
Sappho in this Cradle lies,
 and that's the *Lady Mary*.
 Here my Lord *Talbot* lies,
 next underneath that Stone
 Lirs two of his Wives, and Children four,
 of whom I know not one.
 Here my Lord *Fairfax* lies,
 of whom our Records tell,
 Nothing of Note, or say they whether
 he be gone to Heaven or Hell;

He

He v
 in
 Ab
 he
 The
 is
 And
 th
 Thi
 A
 The
 wh
 Here
 th
 And
 an
 Why
 wh
 The
 an
 That
 ad
 It is
 Sir
 This
 by
 At
 and
 Here
 of
 And
 and
 Them
 the

27

He was Earl Marshal of England,
in *William the Conqueror's* Reign,
Above 600 Years ago,
he'll ne'er be so again,
The Statue against the Wall, with one Eye,
is Major-General *Nixay*,
And if you ask any more of him,
the Devil a word can I say.
This is the Sword of *John of Gaunt*,
A Blade both true and trusty,
The Frenchmen's blood was ne'er wip'd off,
which makes it look so rusty.
Here my Lord *Coddinton* lies,
then the People follow and chat,
And by him lies his Countess fair,
and then they cry, who's that?
Why, that's *Robert Devareux* Earl of *Essex*,
who stands in his Buff Coat;
The Parliament's first General,
and for them stoutly fought.
That Monument which there you see,
adorn'd with so many Pillars,
It is the Duke of *Bukingham*,
Sinnam'd the great *George Villars*.
This is that same *Buckingham*,
by *Felton's* hand struck dead,
At *Portsmouth* he lost his Life,
and here lies buried.
Here lies the Duke of *Northumberland*,
of whom ne'er liv'd a madder,
And by him lies his Countess fair,
and so you go up the Ladder.
Then up the Ladder as you go,
the Man goes before with his Staff,

And

The Tombs in Westminster-Abbey.

A S O N G.

Here lies *Robert de Valens*,
 the right good Earl of *Pembrook*;
 This is his Monument which you see,
 I'll sweer't upon a *Book*;
 Here my Lord *Burleigh* lies,
 the Earl of *Shrewsbury*;
 And by him lies his Countess Fair,
 whom he did Occupy.
 Here lies good Queen *Elizabeth*,
 whom the *Spaniards* did infest her;
 But now her Mouth is stop't with Dirt,
 She doth well agree with her Sister:
 Here lies *Mary* Queen of *Scots*,
 by more than her Husband be-ed,
 She was the Mother of King *James*,
 and at *Fotheringay* beheaded.
 Here lies two Children of King *James*,
 of whom Death's very chary,
Sappho in this Cradle lies,
 and that's the *Lady Mary*.
 Here my Lord *Talbot* lies,
 next underneath that Stone
 Lirs two of his Wives, and Children four,
 of whom I knew not one.
 Here my Lord *Fairfax* lies,
 of whom our Records tell,
 Nothing of Note, or say they whether
 he be gone to Heaven or Hell;

He

He v
 in
 Abo
 he
 The
 in
 And
 th
 Thi
 A
 The
 w
 Here
 th
 And
 an
 Why
 w
 The P
 an
 That
 ad
 It is t
 Sin
 This i
 by
 At Po
 and
 Here
 of
 And
 and
 Them
 the

22

He was Earl Marshal of England,
in William the Conqueror's Reign,
Above 600 Years ago,
he'll ne'er be so again,
The Statue against the Wall, with one Eye,
is Major-General Nizay,
And if you ask any more of him,
the Devil a word can I say.
This is the Sword of John of Gaunt,
A Blade both true and trusty,
The Frenchmen's blood was ne'er wip'd off,
which makes it look so rusty.
Here my Lord Coddinton lies,
then the People follow and chat,
And by him lies his Countess fair,
and then they cry, who's that?
Why, that's Robert Deuareux Earl of Essex,
who stands in his Buff Coat;
The Parliament's first General,
and for them stoutly fought.
That Monument which there you see,
adorn'd with so many Pillars,
It is the Duke of Bukingham,
Sirnam'd the great George Villars.
This is that same Buckingham,
by Felton's hand struck dead,
At Portsmouth he lost his Life,
and here lies buried.
Here lies the Duke of Northumberland,
of whom ne'er liv'd a madder,
And by him lies his Countess fair,
and so you go up the Ladder.
Then up the Ladder as you go,
the Man goes before with his Staff,

And

And if any one tumbles down,
 then all the People laugh.
 Ah, woe is me these High-born Sinners,
 altho' they liv'd so stoutly,
 Seeing they never pray'd themselves,
 yet their Statues *pray devoutly*.
 That Monument which there you see,
 I wou'd have you to understand,
 She was the Wife of *Richard the First*,
 and dy'd with a *Prick of her Hand*,
 So Gentlefolks, I have shewn you all,
 and hope you are well repay'd;
 You Citizens pay for your Wives,
 and the Apprentices for the Maids;

F I N I S



BOOKS

BOOKS printed for Robert Gifford
and sold by him in Old-Bedlam,
without Bishopsgate, London.

A New Treatise of Practical Arithmetick,
done in a Plain and Easy Way for the
Use of all, but especially for the meanest Ca-
pacity, to attain a full understanding of that
most excellent and useful Science, with great
Improvements. By *Humphry Johnson*. The
3d Edition.

The Royal Schoolmaster, or the Union
Spelling Book; Containing more perfect and
exact Rules for Teaching Children to Spell,
Read, and Write, than any other yet extant
By *S. Hughes*. The 4th Edition.

Horrors and Terrors of the Hour of Death,
and Day of Judgment, that seize upon all
Impenitent and Unbelieving Sinners. The
Sixteenth Edition.

Hell's Everlasting Flames avoided: And Hea-
ven's Eternal Felicities enjoyed. With Prayers,
Thanksgivings and Graces. The 30th Edition.

The Sincere Penitent: Or, the Returning
Sinner bathing himself in a Flood of Tears;
for his manifold Sins. In several Sermons on
the Penitential Psalms. The Fourth Edition.

The Prodigal Son return'd to his Father's
House; shewing the Readiness of God to par-
don and forgive Returning Prodigals, To which
is added, A Discourse of Repentance: Fully
opening the Nature of it; with some serious
Perswasives to the speedy setting about this
great Duty.

The Precious Blood of the Son of God shed
without the Gates of *Jerusalem* for the Re-
demption of Lost and Undone Sinners;
Whereby his Great Love to Mankind is Un-
deniably manifested. The 28th Edition.

The Five last by *John Hayward, D. D.*

The

BOOKS sold by Rob. Gifford,

The Heavenly Soul's daily Exercise, Morning and Evening: Being a Manual of Devout Prayers for every Day in the Week. Also Meditations upon several Occasions; With some Holy Ejaculations and Prayers, Before, At, and After receiving the Holy Communion. The Tenth Edition.

The Obliging Husband and Imperious Wife: or, The West-Country Clothier undone by a Peacock: With the pleasant and comical Humours of honest *Humphry* his Man. The 2d Edition.

Do no Right, Take no Wrong; Keep what you have, Get what you can: Or the Way of the World display'd; In several profitable Essays Serious and Comical

The Scotch Rogue: Or the Life and Actions of *Donald Macdonald*, a Highland Scot: Relating his being found in the High-way, and carried home by *Curtogh Macdonald* to his Wife; and how he was brought up by them: His early Waggeries and Villanies when he came to riper Years. His Love Intrigues, and how many various Fortunes he went thorow, and the Miseries that he endur'd. His extraordinary Wit and Courage, and how he extricated himself out of divers Difficulties into which his Rogueries had brought him. The whole being very pleasant and diverting.



ning
ray-
ions
toly
fter
enth

or,
Pea-
ours
n.
hat
y of
ays

ons
ela-
and
ife;
arly
per
va-
ries
and
out
ue-
ery